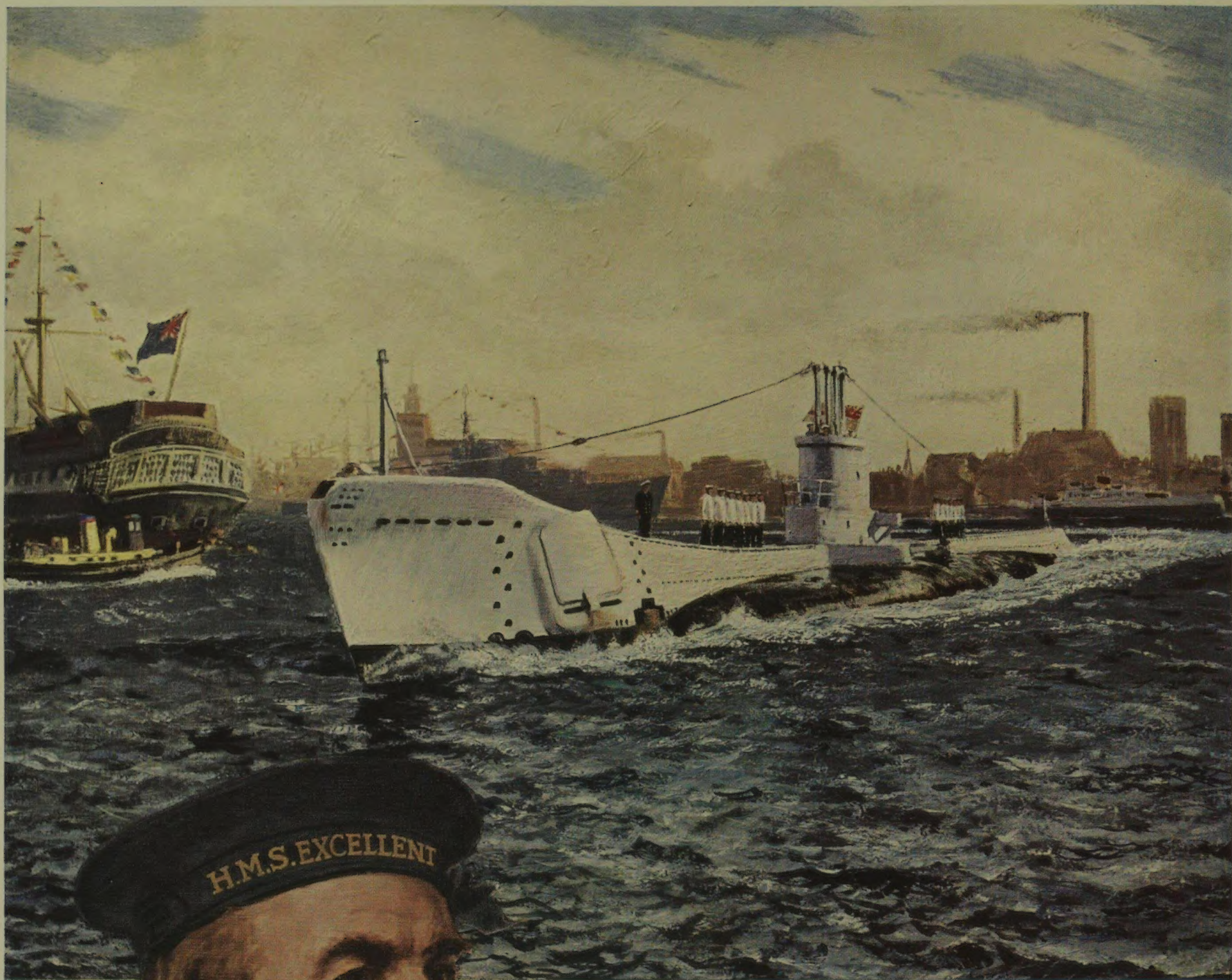


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE





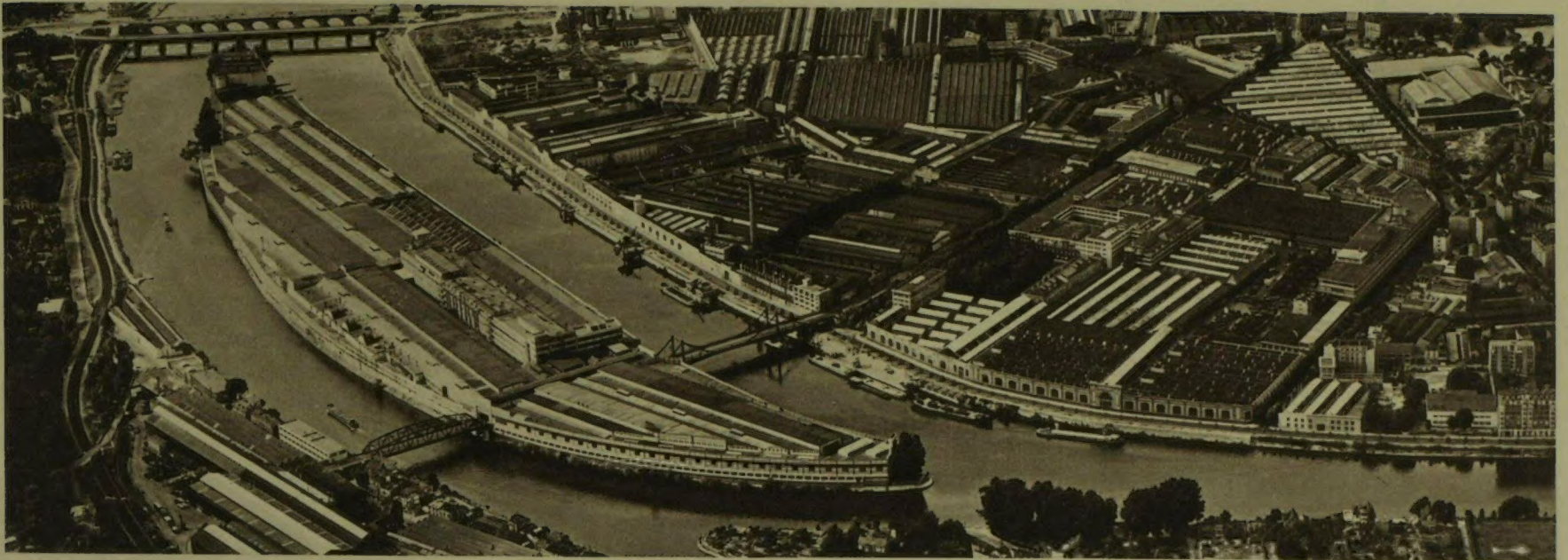
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THE SUBMARINE BASE IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR. At the entrance of Haslar Creek, close by the famous training ship Foudroyant, is the principal "base ship" for submarines—a shore station from which this scene is viewed. The submarine coming in to her moorings is H.M.S. Acheron—an A-class vessel with eight 21-inch torpedo tubes. The "snort", which admits air to the submarine when it is submerged to periscope depth, can be seen above the conning tower.

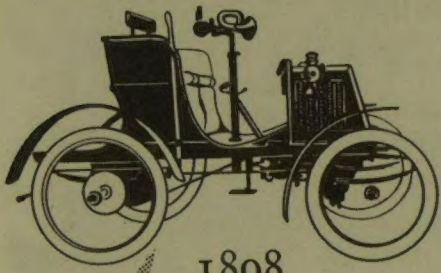
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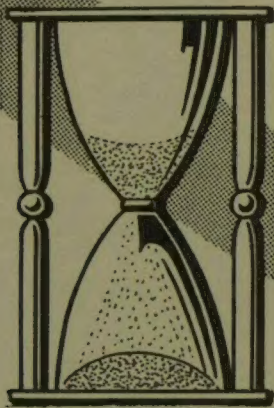
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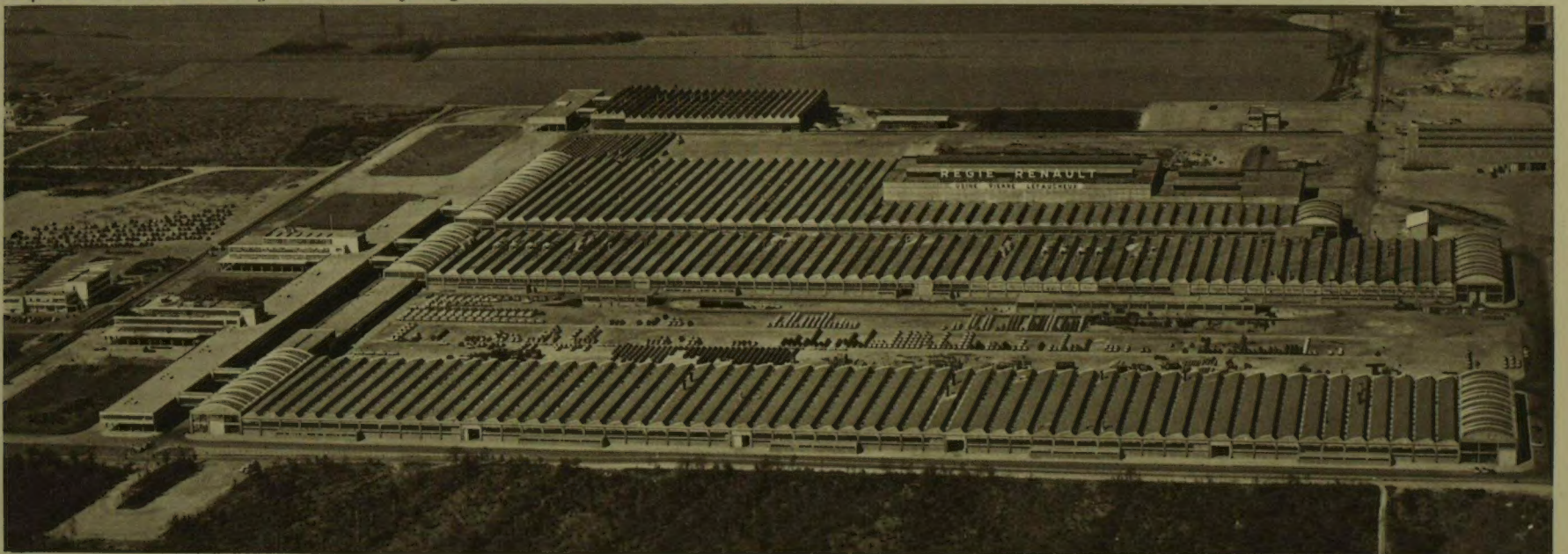


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A panoramic aerial view of the Renault factory at Flins, which is the most modern in Europe.



1957

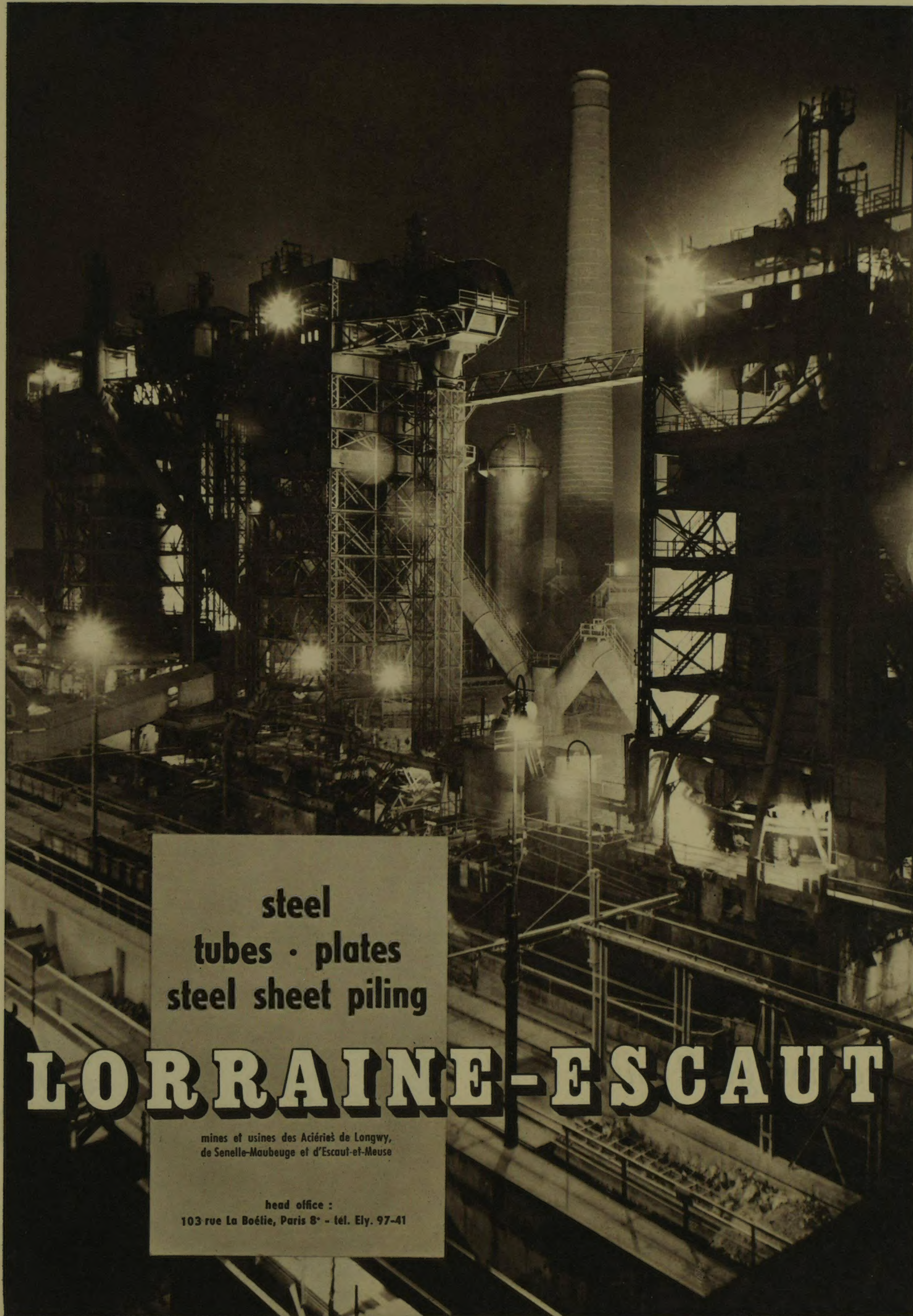




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Chicken Marengo

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A Guinness Guide to Chicken on the Menu

SOME OF THE most interesting ways of cooking chicken have names, in the culinary shorthand of 'menu French', that are not self-explanatory. Some of them are described here.

POUSSINS are only a few weeks old. POULETS are cockerels and spring chickens. CHAPONS and POULARDES are capons and fat fowls. EN COCOTTE means cooked in an open dish, EN CASSEROLE, in a covered one. SUPRÊMES of chicken are the wings and breasts.

SOME CHICKEN DISHES POUSSINS VIENNOISE are simply cut in two and fried golden in egg and breadcrumbs. CHICKEN MARYLAND is jointed, fried crisp and golden in butter, and served with corn fritters and slices of candied sweet potato or banana, with a cream gravy.

POULET CHASSEUR: jointed, browned in oil and butter, then cooked in stock, white wine and tomato purée; served with mushrooms.

COQ AU VIN: browned in butter with diced bacon and mushrooms, flamed in brandy, then cooked in red wine.

CHICKEN AND GUINNESS Chicken, like Guinness, is one of the few things that can be enjoyed endlessly. You never tire of either; and they go admirably together. Guinness goes best, perhaps, with the simple roast or grilled bird. But with any chicken dish its clean appetising taste always makes your pleasure keener.

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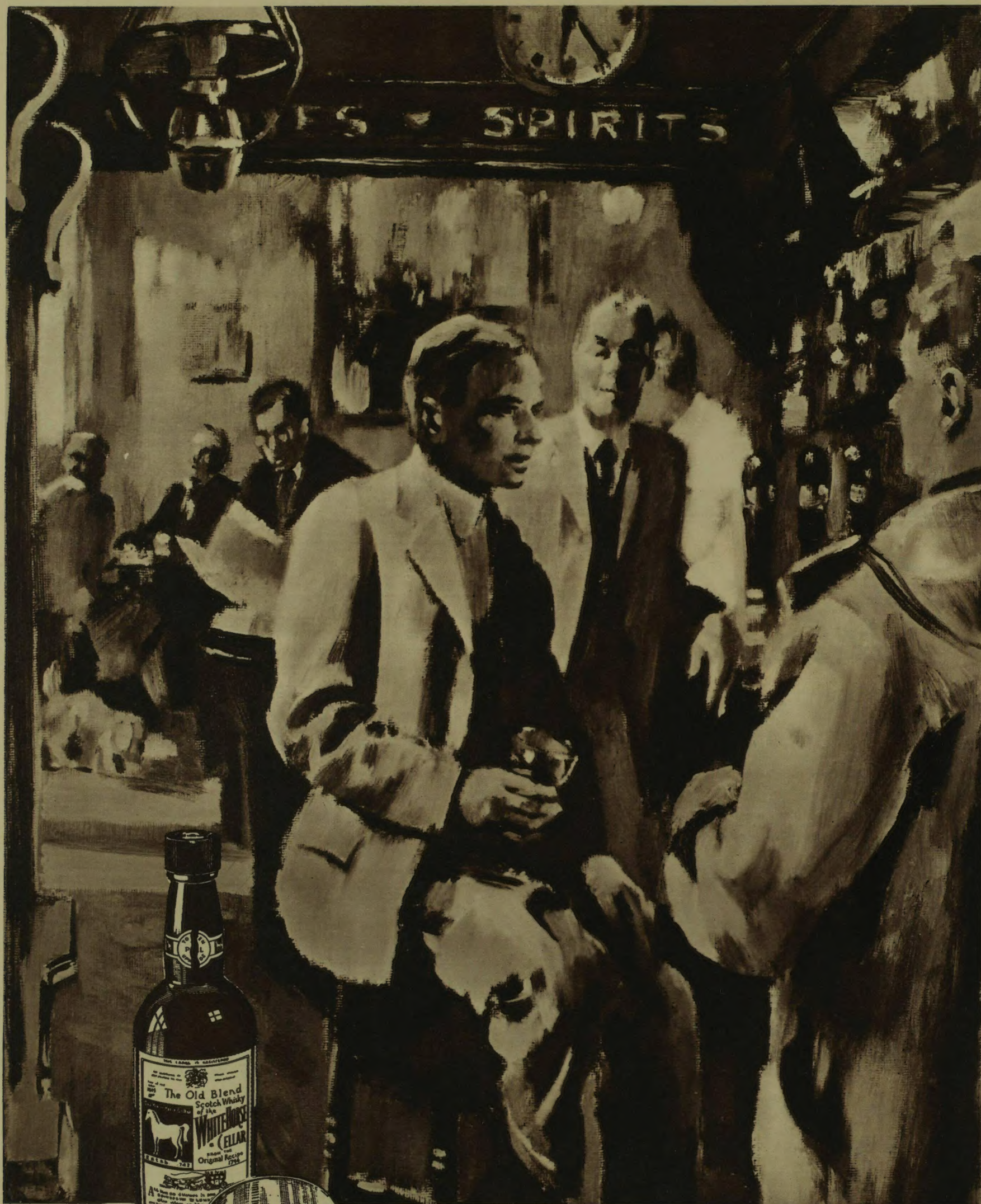
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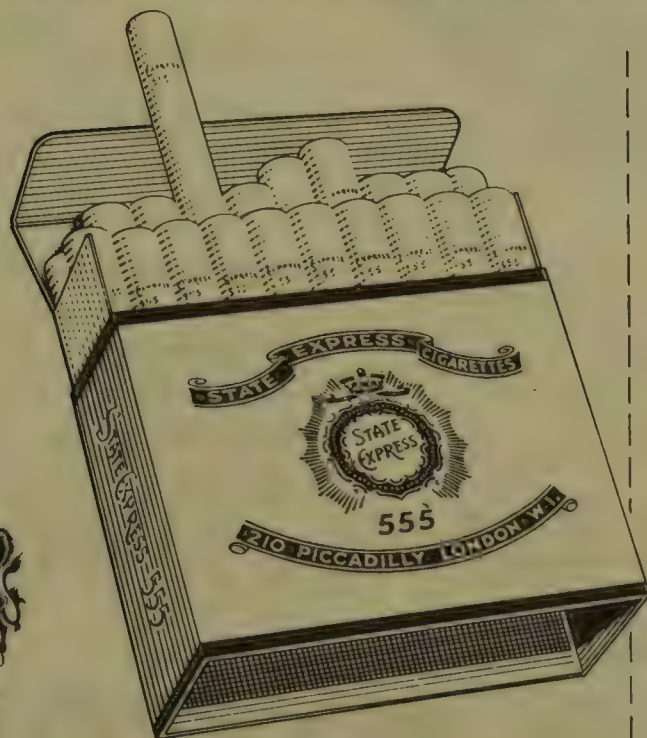
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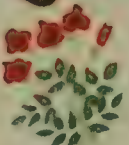
The Bear Sydney, Goodbye Australia...on into the Pacific Ocean...first dip in the swimming pool, first meal really at sea...



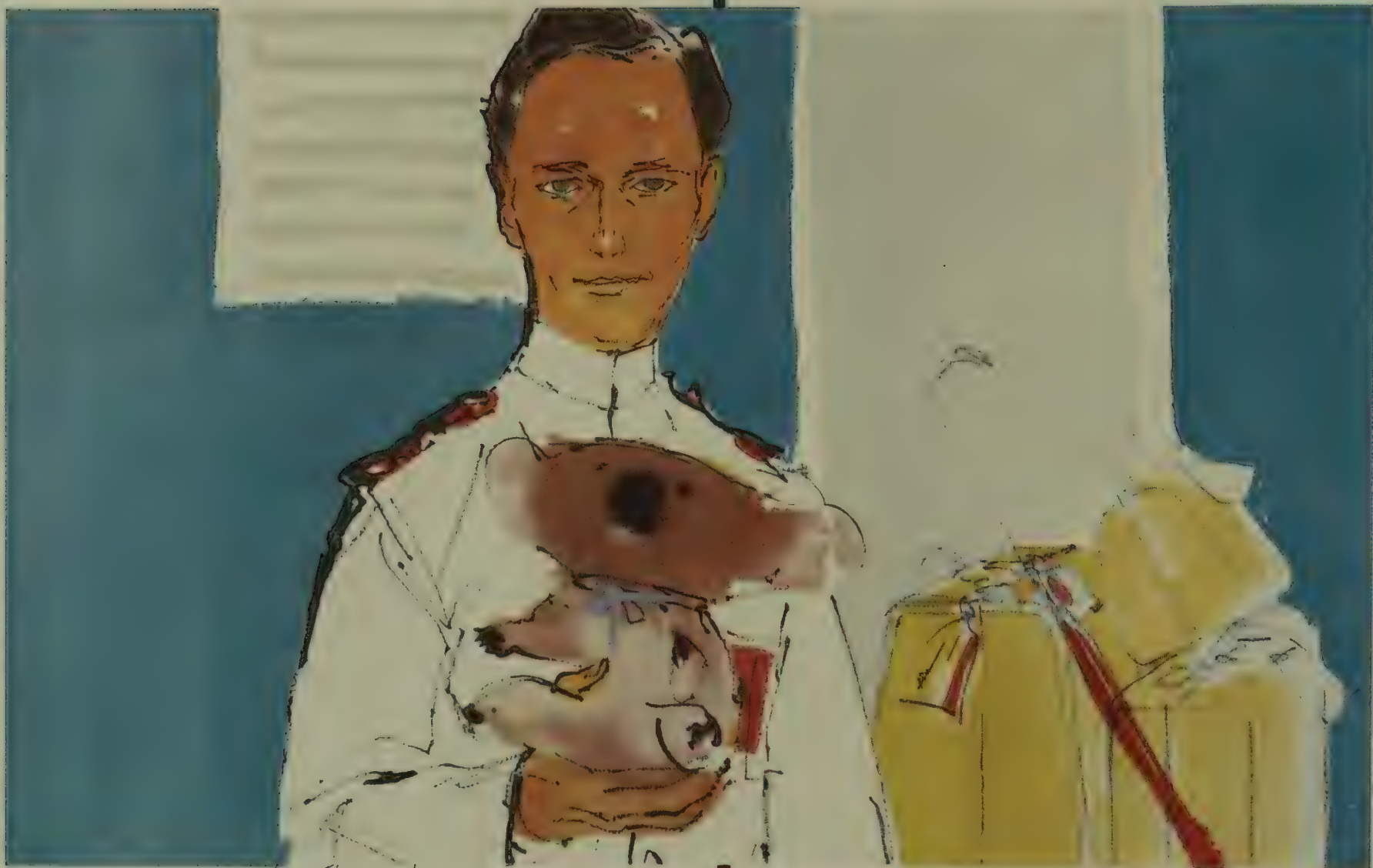
The Ear-rings Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea, ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck...



The Guitar Red wine and white buildings, Honolulu...soft twilight, songs half heard, ever remembered...



The Roses Sirens sobbing journey's end, San Francisco, cabin full of flowers, moments of goodbye, sweet stewardess, charming barman, everyone so kind, last drink at our table, wonderful ship...



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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1957.



RADIANT AND MAJESTIC AS FRANCE'S GUEST: HER MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY PRESIDENT COTY AND FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ENTERING THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE FOR THE STATE PERFORMANCE ON APRIL 8.

The climax of the first day of the State visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to France came with the splendid State performance at the Opéra, where the ballet "*Le Chevalier et la Damesse*," was performed. For this first evening in Paris her Majesty wore an outstandingly beautiful dress, which won the admiration of the many thousand intensely dress-conscious Parisians who saw her. Made of ivory satin it bore a compliment to France in the

form of flowers of the fields of France richly embroidered in tones of gold and topaz on the spreading skirt. Across the corsage her Majesty wore the scarlet sash of the Legion of Honour. When she arrived from the State banquet at the Elysée Palace her Majesty, accompanied by President Coty, made a magnificent entrance up the Grand Staircase of the Opéra—a radiant figure moving between the colourful lines of the Gardes Républicaines.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE are two ways of bridging the Channel—one in friendship and the other in war. The latter is an infinitely harder way than the first. Julius Cæsar tried it twice and failed. Claudius succeeded and made Roman Britain; so in 1066 did "Billy the Norman, that very great warman," thereby laying the foundations of a new Anglo-Norman State that, under the hard, creative aristocratic Norman genius, transformed the rather illogical and confused Anglo-Saxon polity of England into the first national kingdom of Europe. Philip Augustus of France tried it, so, among his many successors, did Louis XIV; so did Napoleon, so did Hitler, and all failed. And, in reverse, so did Edward III and Henry V, when "fair set the wind for France" and a French throne, for a time succeeding in their venture to unite the hereditary crowns of the two Channel kingdoms—a venture which ultimately perished in disaster because it aroused, like the march of "the coalesced kings" from the east four centuries later, the invincible patriotism and love of the soil of the French people and peasantry. And, in 1944, in one of the great military miracles of history, an Anglo-American Army of Liberation, bridging in a single operation both Atlantic and Channel, landed in France from the sea—and air—and, under one of the great captains of all time, Bernard Montgomery, secured and broke out of the bridgehead through which the New World had come to redress the balance of the Old.

Yet all these ways, unsuccessful and successful, even the last, were paid for in a long, monstrous bill of bloodshed, suffering, destruction and subsequent bitterness. There is another and better way of crossing the Channel. It is the

his bankrupt nephew, Louis Napoleon, had landed on his forlorn attempt to regain his uncle's throne. There is a cartoon in the *Punch* of the day showing Louis Napoleon—Emperor of the French and Britain's ally in the war against Russia—sitting at table with Prince Albert over a bottle of champagne, and saying, "Well now that you have found your way here, we hope we shall see you often," to which the Prince Consort replies: "Oh, yes, and the next time we have a holiday, I hope our wives may be present." The picture is labelled, prophetically, "*The Entente Cordiale*"; its background was the outset of the first of three great wars in which, in the course of a century, Britain and France fought side by side. A year later, in the autumn of 1855, while the Crimean campaign was still in progress, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid their State visit to the Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugénie in Paris. *The Illustrated London News* that August and September was full of pictures and accounts of this historic visit. "The festivities or festivals of which Paris has been the scene for ten remarkable and glorious days," its leading article for September 1, 1855, runs, "will mark an era in the history of the two greatest nations of modern times—nations which in the nineteenth century fill the place of the Greece and the Rome of ages long since past, and which rival those mighty States in all things and surpass them in most. Who would have said, seven years ago, that such events were possible? Or who, having said or thought them, would not have been set down as a dreamer of vain dreams and an idle prophet, the sport of his excited and too utopian imagination? Yet Queen

THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE.



THE BEGINNING OF THE STATE VISIT: H.M. THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ABOUT TO SET FOOT ON FRENCH SOIL AT ORLY AIRPORT. Blue skies and the warmest of welcomes greeted the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrived at Orly Airport in a B.E.A. Viscount on the morning of April 8, at the beginning of their State visit to France. A photograph of the Royal visitors at Orly was given in our last issue, but we reproduce another view of the scene here in order to give a complete record in this issue of the main events of the Royal visit to France, from the arrival at noon on April 8, to the departure for London on April 11.

way Augustine and his monks took at the start of the seventh century when they came to Dover and Canterbury on their bloodless pilgrimage, with a silver cross before them, singing low.

It is the way the great Benedictine abbey builders, and the Cluniac Cistercians, and ragged Franciscans with their creed of love and pity, took in the centuries when the culture and civilisation of Christian France was helping to make the Christian England of Becket and Chaucer, Salisbury spire and Bell Harry. Nothing finer and sweeter and of more lasting good for humanity was ever made by the co-operation of men than that created by that union of French and English hearts and minds, not even in ancient Greece and stony Palestine. And though later, in the great maritime wars of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Britain and France seemed to become hereditary enemies and rivals, in 1914, after a century of peace, a British Army crossed the Channel to save France from a barbarous invader and sealed the pact of eternal amity between Tricolor and Union Jack with the sacrificial blood of a million islanders.

The first symbolic beginnings of that *Entente Cordiale* between the two great libertarian Powers of Western Europe that, for all its temporary failure in 1940—gloriously redeemed for all time by the twin names of Churchill and de Gaulle—to-day constitutes one of the two best hopes of mankind, were the visits to France of the Royal great-great-grandparents and great-grandparents of our present Queen. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and, to a still greater degree, Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, helped to erase memories of Trafalgar and Waterloo by arousing the affection and admiration of the Republican people of France for the family Crown of England. This, usually taken for granted, was a remarkable achievement, for only a generation or two before, the French had cast their own ancient crown in the bloody mire beneath the guillotine and flung their iron Republican challenge to the coalesced kings of Europe. Their enthusiastic acceptance of the Hanoverian-Saxe-Coburg dynasty that reigned over the aristocratic and middle-class parliamentary democracy of their island neighbour and former enemy marked a personal triumph for that apparently ordinary but in reality extraordinary woman, Queen Victoria, her wise Consort, Prince Albert, and their shrewd, genial son, King Edward VII. It was Prince Albert who began it by a visit in the autumn of 1854 to Boulogne—the port where the great Napoleon half a century before had assembled his *Grande Armée* for the invasion of England, and where in 1840

Victoria has been to Paris, and been received with the utmost enthusiasm by the whole French nation without a dissentient opinion; and the alliance of Great Britain and France—an alliance which is the shield to civilised Europe against encroaching Barbarism—has been affirmed and proved and celebrated with an emphasis, a completeness and a magnificence to which history offers no parallel." In a later column in the same issue—one corresponding to "Our Note Book" page—the triumphant point is made, "Queen Victoria has returned in triumph to her own dominions after invading and conquering the hearts of the French people." And the journal's Special Correspondent writes, describing the visit:

Her Majesty has left golden opinions behind her. On all sides the English visitor is stopped to listen to rhapsodies on the graces, the virtues, but above all, the domestic qualities, of his Sovereign. "*Bonne mère de famille*" is the universal title by which Queen Victoria has become known to the people of France. The French papers have dwelt upon this title with particular emphasis; and the Parisians have been treated to descriptions of the Queen of a great nation occupying her leisure moments in reading the daily letters she received from her children. The delight with which our neighbours contemplate this maternal devotion proves that they have a tendency to imitate that domesticity which is the most peculiar feature of the British nation. Indeed, "home" is becoming a French word. . . . Turning from her Majesty's popularity as a mother, we may add that Parisian ladies have been very busy with the Royal bonnets, the general opinion being that they were not perfect specimens of millinery. A toilet as simple as that generally adopted by the Queen could hardly please a people who are now conspicuous for over-ornament in dress; who trim flounces with feathers, and would hardly think Messrs. Halphen's Star of the South an extravagant shawl-pin. From her Majesty we turn to Prince Albert, who has returned to England, carrying off thousands of female hearts. On all sides new epithets are evinced to describe his figure and the expression of his face. He is "doux," "charmant," of course "noble," "plein de bonté." "A man with that expression," said an excited Frenchman to me as the Prince passed, "must be a good man."

Since then there have been many British Royal visits to Paris, all of them happy. But though each of Britain's Sovereigns since that time has won the applause and delight of that beautiful and generous city—Victoria, Edward VII, George V, the Duke of Windsor and George VI—none, one suspects, can ever have appealed more directly to the hearts of the French people than our lovely young Queen and her sailor Consort. And one can be sure that this time Paris' delight at our Sovereign's charm, goodness and sincerity will not be qualified by criticism of the "Royal bonnets"!



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES WHERE CROWDS OF PARISIANS GATHERED TO WATCH THE QUEEN AS SHE DROVE TO THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER ON APRIL 8.



A PART OF THE HUGE CROWD OUTSIDE THE OPERA WHERE THE QUEEN ATTENDED A STATE PERFORMANCE, ALSO ON APRIL 8.

PARIS WELCOMES THE QUEEN: SOME OF THE HUGE CROWDS WHO GREETED HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE PHILIP.

One of the most notable features of the Queen's visit to Paris was the enthusiastic welcome with which large crowds of Parisians greeted her Majesty. President Coty said that the cheers of the crowds "expressed better than could any speech the respectful and affectionate tribute of the French people." Huge crowds, who began to gather in the Champs Elysées over an hour before the Queen was expected, cheered her Majesty and Prince Philip when, on April 8, they drove to, and returned from, the tomb of

the Unknown Soldier. When the Queen visited the Opéra in the evening she was again warmly welcomed. The enthusiasm of the Parisian crowds was shown on the following day when the Queen and the Duke drove through some of the working-class and commercial districts of Paris. In the evening, crowds, estimated to number nearly half a million, lined the banks of the Seine as the Queen and Prince Philip sailed up the river in the President's yacht during the floodlit river pageant.



ON THE WAY TO THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: THE QUEEN DRIVING DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, AT THE HEAD OF A LONG CAVALCADE OF LIMOUSINES, TO LAY A WREATH AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

Crowds of Parisians waited for hours in the Champs Elysées on the afternoon of April 8, the day on which the State visit started, in order to catch a glimpse of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they drove down "the world's most splendid thoroughfare" to the Arc de Triomphe to lay a wreath at the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier. Her Majesty was in the leading car at the head of the procession with M. Bourges-Maunoury, the Defence

Minister; and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Marshal Juin, drove in the second car. After the silent homage, which followed the wreath-laying, the Queen signed the Golden Book and the band broke into the familiar strains of "Tipperary." The crowds once more broke into rousing cheers as the Queen and the Duke returned to the Elysée Palace where, a little later, they received heads of the diplomatic missions in Paris.



THE FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT OF THE STATE VISIT : H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PAYING TRIBUTE TO FRANCE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER AFTER LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

In contrast to the crescendos of cheering which greeted the Royal car when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove down the Champs Elysées, there was silence at the Arc de Triomphe as the Royal visitors fulfilled the first public engagement of the State visit. After the playing of the National Anthem the Queen was helped by three British non-commissioned officers to lay a

6-ft.-long wreath of white lilies, blue irises and red and white carnations on the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier. A card on it bore the inscription "From Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip." The Queen then stood for a minute in silence, with the Duke of Edinburgh just behind her, while the undying flame on the tomb flickered and brightened in the breeze.



"MAY THE CONFIDENT UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE UNITED KINGDOM ALWAYS ENDURE": HER MAJESTY PROPOSING THE TOAST AT THE END OF HER SPEECH DURING THE STATE DINNER AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

One of the many glittering occasions of the crowded first day of the State visit to France (April 8) was the State Banquet at the Elysée Palace given by President Coty. More than 200 guests attended, including many members of the French Government. In his speech President Coty underlined the warm welcome which the people of Paris had already given their Royal

visitors, and spoke of the long tradition of Franco-British friendship. Her Majesty, speaking in French, also referred to the close ties between the two countries and assured the President that the welcome extended to herself and her husband would be greatly appreciated by her people. She ended by raising her glass in honour of the President and to "the prosperity of France."



ON THE BALCONY OF THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE : HER MAJESTY WAVING TO THE HUGE CROWDS ASSEMBLED BELOW HER.

A huge crowd, estimated at well over 150,000, had assembled in the Place de l'Opéra, to wait for the arrival of the Royal visitors at the Paris Opera House for the culminating event of the first day of the State visit (April 8), the State performance of "*Le Chevalier et la Damselle*," a modern French ballet with choreography by M. Serge Lifar and music by Philippe Gaubert. A great roar arose from the crowd as the Queen arrived, and the audience

of 2000 gave the Queen an ovation as she entered the Royal box. In the main interval the Queen came out on to the balcony to the immense delight of the crowd still patiently waiting below. With her, as she waved in reply to the wild cheering, were President Coty and Prince Philip. Later, when the Royal party left the Opéra there were still many thousands to cheer the Queen on the route back to the Elysée Palace at the close of her wonderful first day in Paris.



THE CLOSE OF A GLITTERING OCCASION AT THE PARIS OPERA: HER MAJESTY DESCENDING THE GRAND STAIRCASE LINED BY THE SPLENDIDLY UNIFORMED GARDES REPUBLICAINES WITH SWORDS DRAWN.

The magnificent sweep of the Grand Staircase provided a most impressive setting for the opening and the close of the culminating event of the first day of the State visit—the State performance at the Paris Opera House. It was up this staircase that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made their entry into the Opéra, having been received first by a tremendous welcome

from the huge crowd assembled outside. When the lights went up at the end of the ballet the audience turned towards the Royal box and gave the Queen a long ovation, before her Majesty turned to leave the box and descend the steps to leave the Opéra. Again there was the accompaniment of yet further wild cheers from the crowd which had patiently waited outside.



BEFORE THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE: ON THE QUEEN'S RIGHT, M. RUAIS; ON HER LEFT, PRESIDENT COTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



PASSING AMONG THE GUESTS AT THE MORNING RECEPTION GIVEN IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS: THE QUEEN WITH M. COTY. WITH THE MAYOR AND MUNICIPAL DIGNITARIES OF PARIS: H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE RECEPTION IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

Her Majesty's first engagement on April 9 was the reception at the Hotel de Ville. For this the Queen wore a simple navy-blue suit with an apple-blossom hat and, on M. Coty's recommendation, also wore a fur as the day was chilly. The drive took the Royal party past the National Assembly, where debate was suspended to allow the Deputies to watch, and through the Quartier Latin. At the Hotel de Ville, the Queen was greeted by M. Ruais, the Mayor, M. Pelletier, the Prefect of Seine Department, and M. Genébrier,

the Prefect of Police. In a short speech her Majesty referred to her affection for Paris and France and paid tribute to the French Resistance leaders who died in fighting tyranny. Bouquets were presented by two children of the same ages as the Royal children; and there were gifts from the City of Paris: a gold-based inkstand for the Queen and the Duke, a casket of dolls for Princess Anne, and a model of the Paris Métro for the Duke of Cornwall, which the Queen thought would "amuse his father very much."

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AMID THE GLORIES OF VERSAILLES.



IN THE GREAT GALERIE DES GLACES: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, SEATED ON EITHER SIDE OF PRESIDENT COTY, DURING THE STATE LUNCHEON.



IN THE ORANGERIE WHICH WAS BUILT BY MANSART IN 1685: THE QUEEN LOOKING INTO THE WATERS OF THE "BAIN DE MARIE ANTOINETTE."

THE sun shone from a blue sky on April 9, the second day of the Royal visit to France, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a State visit to Versailles. In the great courtyard in front of the Palace the guard of honour of Spahis (Algerian cavalry) sat erect on their Arab horses, their sabres at the salute, and their white turbans and capes, red jackets and blue trousers lending colour and an exotic touch to the scene. The Queen and the Duke, with President Coty, entered the Palace by the Queen's Staircase. After signing the Golden Book the Queen had a short rest in the Petit Appartement de la Reine and changed into a coat and dress of pale blue corded silk, with a cloche hat to match. Meanwhile 300 guests were assembling in the great Galerie des Glaces, which had been transformed into a banqueting hall. The Queen and the Duke sat on either side of President Coty, and over a hundred footmen served the meal. The menu was:—*Le Cardinal des mers armoricaines. Riz pilaf. Le cœur de charolais Montpensier. La croustade de mousserons. Le suprême de bécasse Grand Siècle. La salade de laitue. La corbeille de Carpentras. Les frivolités.* This excellent meal was, of course, accompanied by superb wines. After taking coffee in the Petit Appartement du Roi, the Royal guests, with President Coty, saw an act of Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes* in the newly-restored Opera House, which was built by Gabriel for Louis XV and inaugurated for the marriage of the Dauphin, later Louis XVI, to Marie Antoinette.

(Right.) IN THE GRAND TRIANON: THE QUEEN AT A RECEPTION FOR THE HEADS OF THE COMMONWEALTH MISSIONS IN FRANCE. BEHIND THE QUEEN (RIGHT) ARE SIR GLADWYN AND LADY JEBB.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (BACK TO CAMERA) ADMIRING THE FAMED ROCAILLE.





IN A ROYAL SETTING ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS FROM SHIMMERING CHANDELIERS: H.M. THE QUEEN, CENTRE OF THE DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE, IN THE NEWLY-RESTORED OPERA HOUSE AT VERSAILLES.

On April 9, the second day of the State visit, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove from Paris to Versailles, once the home of the Kings of France and the seat of the French Court. The Royal visitors had luncheon with President Coty and 300 guests in the great *Galérie des Glaces*; the meal being served by more than a hundred footmen in knee-breeches. Later the Queen,

who was wearing a pale blue corded silk dress and coat trimmed with mink, went with the Duke to the newly-restored opera house, for the presentation of an act of Rameau's "*Les Indes Galantes*." Afterwards the Queen and the Duke went to the Grand Trianon for a reception by the heads of the Commonwealth missions in France.



THE QUEEN SMILING WITH PLEASURE AT PARIS'S PRESENT FOR PRINCESS ANNE—TWENTY DOLLS, SYMBOLISING THE CITY'S DISTRICTS: AN INCIDENT DURING THE MUNICIPALITY RECEPTION AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE ON APRIL 9.



"WHAT A LOVELY TOY! IT WILL AMUSE HIS FATHER VERY MUCH." THE QUEEN'S COMMENT ON SEEING THE MODEL OF THE PARIS METRO, THE CITY'S GIFT FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL. ON THE QUEEN'S RIGHT, THE MAYOR OF PARIS M. RUAUX; ON HER LEFT, PRESIDENT COTY.



DURING THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA ON APRIL 8: THE QUEEN CONGRATULATING M. RENAULT AND Mlle. DAYDE, THE PRINCIPAL DANCERS OF THE BALLET GIVEN ON THIS GREAT OCCASION, "LE CHEVALIER ET LA DAMOISELLE," A MODERN BALLET BY LIFAR TO MUSIC BY PHILIPPE GAUBERT.



ON THE RETURN FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE ON APRIL 8: THE QUEEN ACCEPTS A BOUQUET FROM A YOUNG GIRL ON BEHALF OF CHAMPS ELYSEES SHOPKEEPERS. (RIGHT) M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY, THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE QUEEN ON THIS DRIVE.



AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE ON APRIL 9: THE QUEEN THANKING THE TWO CHILDREN, OF EXACTLY THE SAME AGES AS THE ROYAL CHILDREN, WHO HAD PRESENTED THE GIFTS FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.



WHEN THE PRESIDENTIAL HOST BECAME THE QUEEN'S GUEST: HER MAJESTY GREETING PRESIDENT COTY WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY FOR THE RECEPTION AFTER THE RIVER TRIP ON APRIL 9.



A VISION OF REGAL BEAUTY: QUEEN ELIZABETH TURNS TO SPEAK TO PRINCE PHILIP DURING THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA—A BRILLIANT OCCASION AT THE START OF THE ROYAL VISIT ON APRIL 8.

THE QUEEN IN PARIS: DELIGHTFUL CLOSE-UPS OF SOME GREAT OCCASIONS IN A TRIUMPHANT VISIT.



DURING A BRIEF VISIT TO THE PARIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENTERING THE MAIN HALL TO THE APPLAUSE OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS.

On their return to Paris from Versailles on April 9 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a short visit to the Paris Chamber of Commerce, where they were received by its President, M. Dumont. After meeting some of the members and their guests, her Majesty was presented with a small gold wrist watch. This was a replica of the watch which President Lebrun had

given to King George VI, during the 1938 State visit to Paris, for Princess Elizabeth, then aged eleven, and which the Queen wore until she lost it a few years ago at Sandringham. It was a happy idea of the Chamber of Commerce—typical of the thoughtfulness with which Paris entertained her Majesty—to replace this watch, to which the Queen was most attached.



PASSING THE SPLENDIDLY ILLUMINATED CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME: THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT CARRYING THE ROYAL VISITORS UP THE SEINE DURING THE SPECTACULAR RIVER PAGEANT ON APRIL 9.

The second day of the State visit reached a splendid climax with the river pageant in the evening. While the Royal visitors moved up the Seine in the President's yacht—the *G. Borde-Frétigny*—hundreds of thousands of Parisians lined the banks to watch the most outstanding spectacle that Paris has seen since the war. Every few yards exciting *tableaux vivants* greeted the Queen

as the yacht passed by. In addition the principal buildings on the route were enhanced by the device of *son et lumière*—a skilful combination of light and sound. Outstanding among these was the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which was lit both from inside and outside, while the bells pealed and the music of the great organ was relayed by loudspeakers.



FLOWERING MAGICALLY IN THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE PARIS *EN FETE*: SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF FIREWORKS WHICH PROVIDED A BRILLIANT DISPLAY AT THE END OF THE RIVER PAGEANT.

Whereas many of the occasions during the State visit could only be shared by a few fortunate hundreds, the magnificent river pageant on the evening of April 9 was enjoyed by hundreds of thousands, who had gathered on the banks of the Seine to watch this unique spectacle. The supreme moment came as the President's yacht, carrying the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh,

returned to its starting-point near the Pont Alexandre III. This was a fantastic display of fireworks on an immense scale which exploded in magical sheets of light across the whole of the night sky. It was an unforgettable climax to the splendid scenes along the river banks during the pageant. The Royal party then moved on to a brilliant reception at the British Embassy.

DURING THE THIRD DAY OF THE STATE VISIT: CEREMONIES AND VISITS IN AND AROUND PARIS.



DURING A VISIT TO THEIR PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT MARNES-LA-COQUETTE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN CONVERSATION WITH THE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, EUROPE, AND MRS. NORSTAD.



A MOVING CEREMONY DURING THE MORNING OF APRIL 10: WATCHED BY THE MINISTER, DR. DONALD CASKIE, HER MAJESTY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE RUE BAYARD.



HER MAJESTY AMONG BRITISH RESIDENTS IN PARIS: AT THE STANDARD ATHLETIC CLUB, MEUDON, AFTER INAUGURATING THE CLUBHOUSE.



IN THE GARDENS OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT PARIS: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A CHERRY TREE IN COMMEMORATION OF HER VISIT. SHE HAD CONFERRED A NUMBER OF HONOURS DURING PRESENTATIONS AT THE EMBASSY.



DURING HIS VISIT, ALONE, TO THE FRENCH NUCLEAR RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT AT SACLAY: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS A RADIATION DISC ATTACHED TO HIS LAPEL BEFORE ENTERING A LABORATORY.



SHOWING A KEEN INTEREST IN FRENCH ATOMIC DEVELOPMENTS: PRINCE PHILIP LISTENING TO M. PERRIN, A LEADING FRENCH ATOMIC SCIENTIST, DURING HIS VISIT TO SACLAY.



GUEST OF HONOUR OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: H.M. THE QUEEN, ESCORTED BY M. MOLLET AND PRESIDENT COTY, AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT THE LOUVRE.



AFTER THE STATE BANQUET: THE QUEEN CLOSELY SURROUNDED BY GUESTS DURING THE RECEPTION IN THE SALLE D'AUGUSTE.

THE LAST EVENING IN PARIS: H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE STATE BANQUET AND RECEPTION AT THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre, one of the largest and most magnificent palaces in the world, which now houses France's greatest art and museum treasures, was the scene on April 10 of a banquet and reception—the glorious culmination of the three-day visit to Paris. The Queen was the guest of honour of the French Government at a State banquet in the Salle des Cariatides, scene of many historical events, which was decorated with rings of flowers, chains of orchids and red roses and lit by thousands of candles. The Queen

was wearing a dress, designed by Hardy Amies, which was of kingfisher-blue with a deep neckline, and had a full skirt embroidered with crystals and blue brilliants. After the banquet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a reception at which there were more than 2000 guests. Before the Royal guests arrived in the Salle des Cariatides for the banquet they had enjoyed brief glimpses of some of the Louvre's greatest art treasures which had been specially assembled for the Queen.

SEEING THE MODERN INDUSTRY OF FRANCE: THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE RENAULT WORKS AT FLINS.



OBVIOUSLY DELIGHTED WITH HER HANDSOME PRESENT: THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE PASTEL-BLUE RENAULT *DAUPHINE* WHICH THE COMPANY PRESENTED AT THE CLOSE OF HER VISIT TO THE WORKS.



HER MAJESTY IS DRIVEN DOWN ONE OF THE 400-YARD-LONG ASSEMBLY LINES AT THE RENAULT WORKS AT FLINS.



HER MAJESTY ABOUT TO PRESS A BUTTON WHICH BROUGHT THE WHOLE PRODUCTION-LINE AT THE WORKS TO A STANDSTILL.



IN ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST MODERN FACTORIES: HER MAJESTY WALKING ALONG AN ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE RENAULT WORKS, WHERE 5500 WORKERS PRODUCE 750 CARS PER DAY.

The afternoon of the third day of the State visit to France (April 10) provided a striking contrast with the pomp and pageantry of many previous engagements, for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited one of the outstanding achievements of modern French industry, the Renault works at Flins. The Royal visitors made a thorough tour while work was in progress, and saw production lines, assembly lines, the paint shop, and many other features of this factory, which, built in 1950, has one of the most highly-mechanised

assembly lines in the world. In a brief symbolical ceremony, her Majesty pressed a button which brought the whole production line to a standstill for a few moments, and then pressed a second button to set the machinery going again. At the end of the visit the Queen was presented with a pastel-blue Renault *Dauphine* car, lined with leather, which had been built at the Renault assembly factory at Acton and obviously delighted her Majesty. Ten workers from the factory there had come to Flins to be present during the Royal visit.



NEARING THE END OF THEIR CROWDED PROGRAMME: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN THE CAR IN WHICH THEY LEFT ROUBAIX FOR NEARBY TURCOING.



IN NORTHERN FRANCE'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL CITY: THE QUEEN WALKING TOWARDS THE WAR MEMORIAL AT LILLE. (RIGHT.) AN ESCORT OF SPAHIS.

IN THE INDUSTRIAL CITIES OF NORTHERN FRANCE: HER MAJESTY IN LILLE AND ROUBAIX.

The last day, April 11, of the Queen's triumphant visit to France began with her departure by air from Le Bourget in a cold, grey and blustery morning. The first stop was Lille, and here the Royal visitors drove to the Town Hall, where they were greeted by the Mayor and went thence with an escort of Spahis to lay a wreath at the War Memorial. After luncheon at the Prefecture, a male choir greeted the visitors with *Vivat Flamand*, and the Queen and the Duke visited the annual Flower Market in the Place du

Général de Gaulle. After this they drove to nearby Roubaix, through cheering crowds, and after a reception at the Town Hall, visited one of the largest and most modern textile factories in Europe, where tea was taken. It was here that the Queen had perhaps her closest and most informal contact with the ordinary working people of France. From Roubaix they drove to a workers' housing estate, through the streets of Turcoing and back to Lille, where waited the aircraft which was to take the Royal party to London.



(Above.) ON THEIR RETURN FROM FRANCE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SHORTLY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT.

AS the Queen and Prince Philip drove to Le Bourget Airport at the end of their visit to Paris, the weather, which during the past three days had been beautifully sunny and springlike, became dull and cold, seeming to reflect the sadness of Paris at the departure of its Royal visitors. After saying farewell to M. Coty at the Airport, her Majesty sent the President a message of thanks, in which she said "... your fellow countrymen have given us a welcome which has gone straight to our hearts and which will remain one of the happiest and most enduring memories." From Paris the Royal visitors went on to visit Lille and Roubaix, where the Queen's radiant charm and Prince Philip's genial informality met with an enthusiastic and heartfelt response from the large crowds of working people who greeted them. At 6.22 p.m. that evening, April 11, the Queen and the Duke arrived back at London Airport, where large crowds were waiting to welcome them. The State visit was now a happy memory, to be treasured not only by her Majesty and Prince Philip, but also by the people of the two nations.



(Right.) FAREWELL TO PARIS, THE CITY WHICH HAD WELCOMED THEM SO WARMLY: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP LEAVE LE BOURGET.

WITH THE HAPPIEST MEMORIES OF THEIR STATE VISIT: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP RETURN FROM FRANCE.

SPAIN, ENGLAND, AND EGYPT: SOME EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF CARDINAL SEGURA IN THE CHAPEL OF THE HOSPITAL IN MADRID WHERE HE DIED. HE WAS LATER BURIED IN SEVILLE.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, the Most Rev. Pedro Segura, Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville, died in a nursing home in Madrid on April 8 at the age of seventy-six. His body was taken by road to Seville for the burial service.



SIGNING THE AGREEMENT FOR THE NEW STATUS FOR SINGAPORE: MR. LENNOX-BOYD, WITH, RIGHT, MR. LIM YEW HOCK.

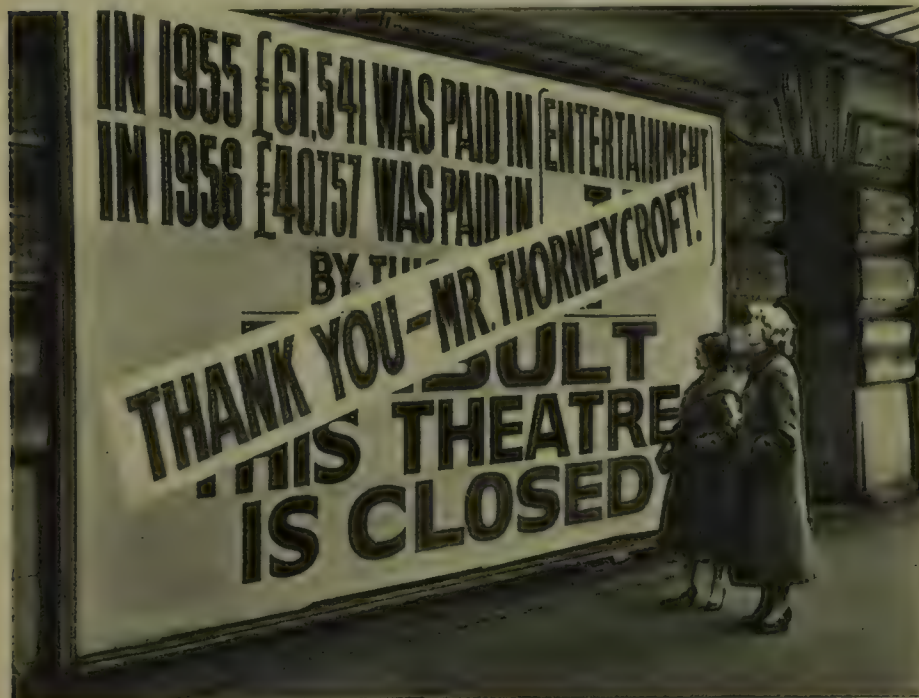
In London, on April 11, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Lim Yew Hock, Chief Minister of Singapore, signed the final report of the conference agreeing on a new Constitution for Singapore.



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE; AND PROGRESS ON THE NEW MOUND STAND AT LORD'S HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRICKET SEASON. Within a few days the West Indies team will be playing their first trial game (at Eastbourne on April 25-26, versus E. W. Swanton's XI), and with the arrival of May the cricket season will arrive in earnest with an exciting series of Test Matches.



A MEMORIAL TO MEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY: THE COMMODORE OF THE CUNARD LINE UNVEILING A PLAQUE IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON. On April 11 the ruins of Holyrood Church, Southampton, which were destroyed during an air raid in 1940, and have been preserved by the people of Southampton, were dedicated as a memorial and garden of rest to men of the Merchant Navy who lost their lives at sea.



A GESTURE OF THANKS FOR THE REMOVAL OF ENTERTAINMENT TAX FROM THE LIVING THEATRE: AN OVER-POSTER AT THE STOLL THEATRE, KINGSWAY. Last month Mr. Prince Littler, chairman and managing director of the Stoll Theatre Corporation, announced in a large poster that this large theatre must be closed owing to the heavy burden of tax. The new "thank-you" poster gives theatre lovers hope.



REMOVING THE LAST REMAINING OBSTACLE TO NORMAL NAVIGATION IN THE SUEZ CANAL: GERMAN SALVAGE SHIPS HOISTING THE WRECK OF THE FRIGATE *ABOUKIR*. On April 8 the hulk of the Egyptian frigate *Aboukir*, hoisted by the salvage ships *Ausdauer* and *Energie* was towed (together with the lifting ships) to be dumped in the Great Bitter Lake. This was the last remaining obstacle to normal navigation.

MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS IN KANSAS CITY AND LONDON; AND JOHN STOW COMMEMORATED.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH: "SHIPS RUNNING INTO HARWICH," BY CHARLES BROOKING (1723-59). (Oil on canvas; 46 by 66 ins.) This large painting by Charles Brooking is of the very highest quality and must be one of the artist's latest works, for it shows a frigate of a type not built before 1757 and Brooking died in 1759. It makes an important addition to the collection of the National Maritime Museum. Charles Brooking was the first really good marine painter whose work can be described as English School.



NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: ONE OF FIVE RARE SHEET-BRONZE "DIADEMS" WHICH WERE PART OF WHAT WAS PROBABLY A CACHE OF PRIEST'S REGALIA FROM A RURAL ROMANO-BRITISH SHRINE FOUND AT WILTON, NORFOLK.



PART OF THE WILTON FIND ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE "CROWN," WHICH, APART FROM A SIMILAR OBJECT FROM LECKHAMPTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, (NOW LOST), IS PROBABLY UNIQUE.

In March 1956, in the parish of Hockwold-cum-Wilton, Norfolk, three sheet-bronze "diadems," each with an adjustable headband, were ploughed up on a site which has yielded Roman material of the second to fourth centuries A.D. Early this year a "crown" and two more "diadems" were found. These interesting objects have been acquired by the British Museum.



AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE TO JOHN STOW IN THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. JOHN UNDERSHAFT ON APRIL 10: THE LORD MAYOR PLACING A NEW QUILL PEN IN THE HAND OF THE 16TH-CENTURY ANTIQUARY'S EFFIGY.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY A KANSAS CITY MUSEUM: AN IMPORTANT PERSIAN LIMESTONE HEAD OF A MAN-BULL FROM ECBATANA. C. FIFTH CENTURY B.C. (Height; 19½ ins.)

The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Missouri, has acquired this fine head from the ancient Median and Achaemenid site of Ecbatana. Among the outstanding pieces from the site of this ancient city, now covered by modern Hamadan, this head shows strong Assyrian affinities.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



HUNGARY. IN A BUDAPEST COURT: THREE HUNGARIAN "COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARIES" WHO WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH, STANDING BETWEEN THEIR GUARDS.
On April 8 a Communist court in Budapest sentenced three Hungarian "counter-revolutionaries" to death for the murder of a police official during the October risings. Among them was a twenty-five-year-old woman medical student, Ilona Toth, who can be seen next to the woman guard.



TANANARIVE, MADAGASCAR. ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS BOARDING AN AIRCRAFT FOR HIS FLIGHT TO NAIROBI, WHERE HE ARRIVED ON APRIL 11.
Archbishop Makarios arrived in Madagascar by sea on April 8 after his thirteen months of exile in the Seychelles. On April 11 he flew to Nairobi where he was to spend a few days before flying on to Athens.



SOUTH AFRICA. STUDENTS OF RHODES UNIVERSITY, GRAHAMSTOWN, MARCHING IN PROTEST AGAINST A BILL TO ENFORCE APARTHEID ON THE UNIVERSITIES.
On April 8 an amended Bill to enforce *apartheid* on the universities of South Africa was introduced to Parliament. Some of the vigorous opposition to academic *apartheid* is illustrated in this photograph which shows students of Rhodes University, Grahamstown, during a protest march.



BALUCHISTAN, PAKISTAN. REPORTED TO BE THE SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER OF MRS. A. CARROLL: AHMED SHAH, WITH THE WIDOW OF THE GANG'S LEADER.
It was reported on April 7 that Pakistan border police had captured the Persian bandits who murdered three Americans, one a woman—Mrs. Anita Carroll—in an ambush on March 24. The leader of the killers' gang, Dadshah, was killed on April 3 in a clash with Persian police.



THE NETHERLANDS. ROTTERDAM: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE UNVEILING BY PRINCESS MARGRIET OF A MONUMENT TO MEN OF THE DUTCH MERCHANT SERVICE.
On April 11 Princess Margriet of the Netherlands unveiled a monument in Rotterdam to the men of the Dutch merchant service who lost their lives in the war. The monument, shown in a close-up photograph in our last issue, is the work of the sculptor Carasco.



WEST GERMANY. LEAVING DR. ADENAUER AFTER A FAREWELL VISIT TO BONN: GENERAL SPEIDEL (RIGHT) WHO HAS RECENTLY TAKEN UP HIS DUTIES AS COMMANDER OF ALLIED LAND FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE, AT N.A.T.O. HEADQUARTERS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CHINA. A PART OF CHINA'S RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME COMPLETED: THE OPENING OF THE CHENG-TU-PAOKI RAILWAY.

During 1956 the new railway between Chengtu and Paoki was completed and opened, and above is seen the first train, bearing a portrait of the Chinese leader, Mao Tse-tung, to travel towards Chengtu. The line is about 300 miles long and passes through mountainous country.



MALTA. ALLIED COMMANDERS AT A CEREMONY HELD ON THE OCCASION OF A DOUBLE N.A.T.O. ANNIVERSARY.

On April 2, in Malta, there was a ceremony to mark the fourth anniversary of the activation of the Allied Mediterranean Command and the eighth of the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty. Above are seen (l. to r.) Vice-Admiral Durnford-Slater, Flag Officer, Second in Command, Mediterranean; Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, C.-in-C., Allied Forces, Mediterranean; the Governor, Major-General Sir Robert Laycock; Vice-Admiral Cato D. Glover, U.S.N.; and Air Marshal Sir Gilbert Nicholls, Deputy C.-in-C. (Air), Allied Forces, Mediterranean.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. THE 9-FT.-LONG SKULL OF A KRONOSAURUS, THE ENTIRE FOSSIL SKELETON OF WHICH IS BEING RESTORED AT HARVARD.

Above is seen one of the largest reptile skulls ever found. It belonged to a Kronosaurus, probably the largest marine reptile that ever existed. The fossil skeleton of this creature is being restored at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. RESTORING THE KRONOSAURUS: ONE OF THE MUSEUM STAFF CHIPS STONE FROM FOUR VERTEBRÆ OF THE 50-FT.-LONG SPINE.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. THE WEDDING OF POCAHONTAS AND HER SETTLER BRIDEGROOM, JOHN ROLFE, IS RE-ENACTED AS PART OF THE CURRENT JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL.

The wedding of Pocahontas and her planter-settler bridegroom, which greatly helped to foster good feelings between the settlers and Indians, was re-enacted as part of the Jamestown Festival on April 5 in Jamestown.



GERMANY. A LION EMBLEM NEAR DANKWARDERODE CASTLE, BRUNSWICK, TO WHICH GUELPH TREASURES HAVE BEEN RESTORED. The collection of treasures of the powerful Guelph family was founded by Henry the Lion, whose emblem is seen above, and after a long, varied history the collection has now been replaced in the family home.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



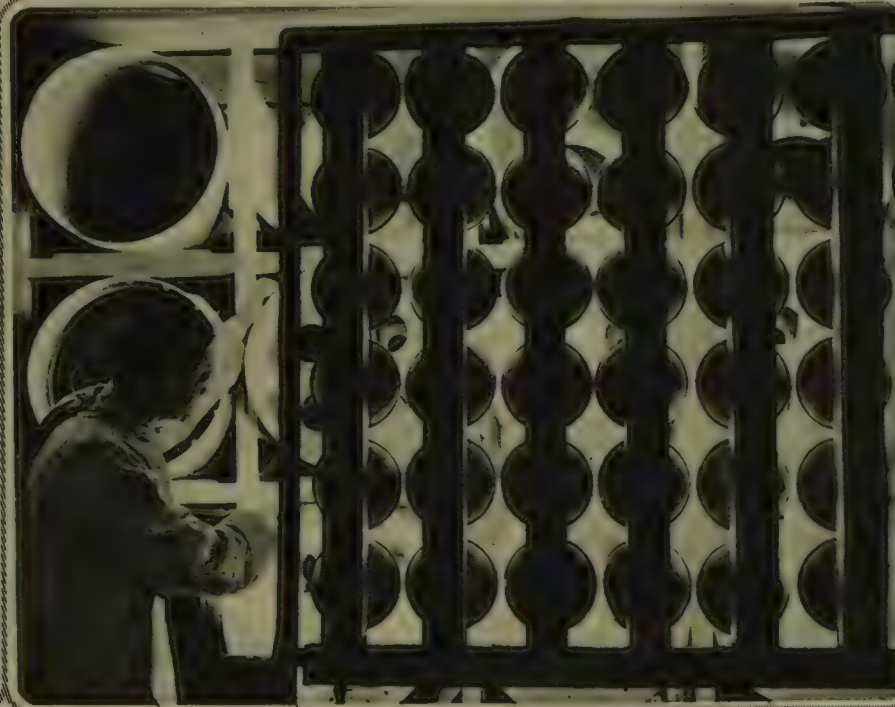
WEST GERMANY. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC, SIR CHRISTOPHER STEEL, ON THE SALUTING DAIS, AT H.Q., NORTHERN ARMY GROUP. The British Ambassador to the Federal Republic recently paid his first visit to the joint H.Q. at Moench Gladbach, where he was met by the C.-in-C. B.A.O.R., General Sir Dudley Ward, Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon and Rear-Admiral K. McN. Campbell-Walter.



GENOA, ITALY. TO BE COMMANDED BY THE FORMER CAPTAIN OF STOCKHOLM: THE NEW SWEDISH-AMERICAN LINER GRIPSHOLM, LAUNCHED AT GENOA IN APRIL LAST. It was announced on March 28 that Captain G. Nordenson, master of the liner *Stockholm* when she was in collision with *Andrea Doria* last July, is to command the new *Gripsholm* (23,500 tons) on her maiden voyage in May. *Gripsholm* was built in the Ansaldo shipyard, Genoa, and is the first built in Italy on a foreign commission since the war.



BRISTOL, GLOS. MADE TO BE THROWN AWAY: PLASTIC NOSE-SHELLS FOR JETTISONABLE FUEL TANKS BEING ASSEMBLED BY BRISTOL AIRCRAFT, LTD.



BRISTOL, GLOS. "COOKING" PLASTIC NOSECAPS: DIRECTING BATTERIES OF INFRA-RED RAY LAMPS INTO THE INTERIOR TO "CURE" THE BONDING.

The nose-caps shown are part of the jettisonable fuel tanks carried by some aircraft—in this case *Venom* fighters. These, when made of light alloys, may cost between £200 and £300 each, and are non-recoverable. Plastic tanks are simple to make and much cheaper. Bristol Aircraft, Ltd. have now five overseas orders for these tanks.



CHILE. ARMED POLICE, SOLDIERS, AN ARMOURD CAR AND A TANK IN A SANTIAGO STREET DURING RECENT RIOTS OVER THE COST OF LIVING.

Riots in the main cities of Chile about the cost of living and the increase in public transport fares flared up dangerously and on April 3, in Santiago, led to troops firing on the rioters. A state of siege was proclaimed and a curfew imposed. Unofficial reports suggest that between 40 and 100 people were killed, including one British subject, an importer in Santiago.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND LADY EDEN LEAVING THE AIRCRAFT ON ARRIVAL AT BOSTON FOR ANOTHER MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

On April 2, a sudden deterioration in his health required Sir Anthony Eden to cut short his holiday in New Zealand; and flying via Fiji and Vancouver, he reached Boston by air on April 7 and went straight to the New England Baptist Hospital. Tests began within a few hours to learn the cause of the recurrent fevers and internal pain.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. AFTER MR. HOLLAND UNVEILED THE TANGIWAI RAIL DISASTER MEMORIAL: RELATIVES LOOKING FOR NAMES OF LOVED ONES. On March 26 Mr. Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand, unveiled a memorial in Wellington to the 151 victims of New Zealand's greatest disaster when, on Christmas Eve 1953, a Wellington-Auckland train plunged into the flooded Whangaehu River.



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. THE TANGIWAI RAIL DISASTER MEMORIAL: WREATHS ON THE GRAVES OF VICTIMS IN KARORI CEMETERY.



LONDON. AN AIRLIFT FOR A HELICOPTER: THE MACHINE BEING MANŒUVRED INTO A YORK AIRCRAFT.



LONDON. INSIDE THE YORK WHERE THERE WAS ROOM TO SPARE: THE HELICOPTER, WHICH HAD MORE FREIGHT STOWED BEHIND IT.

A 30-ft.-long helicopter, operated by a London helicopter company, left London Airport on March 28 in a York of the "Africargo" all-cargo air service. It was safely unloaded in Nairobi thirty-one hours later.



NEW ZEALAND. A PRECAUTION AGAINST A REPETITION OF THE 1953 RAIL DISASTER: ELECTRIC EYES SET IN A CONCRETE PYLON ON THE WHANGAHEHU RIVER.

Electric eyes set in a pylon on the Whangaehu River keep a night and day lookout for floods. As each pair of electrodes is covered by rising waters, lights flash at Waiouru, south of Tangiwai; if the flood-level continues to rise, then bells give warning by sounding continuously at Waiouru and in Ohakune central train control office.



SOUTH AFRICA. AT WOODSTOCK, NEAR CAPE TOWN: THE SCENE AFTER TWO ELECTRIC TRAINS COLLIDED, KILLING AT LEAST TWENTY PEOPLE.

One of the most serious railway accidents in South Africa's history occurred on April 8 when at least twenty people were killed and forty-five injured in a head-on collision between two electric passenger trains near Woodstock Station, two miles from Cape Town. Four coaches, which were crowded with city workers returning home, were telescoped.



SWEDEN. CONCEALING A RICH HARVEST OF RHUBARB: STRAW AND SNOWDRIFTS IN A DISTRICT OF NYKOPING, WHERE HR. SVANTE HAGMAN (SEEN ABOVE) IS ABLE TO HARVEST A TRUCK-LOAD OF RHUBARB DAILY.

THE LATIN POETS BROUGHT TO LIFE.

"POETS IN A LANDSCAPE" By GILBERT HIGHET.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. GILBERT HIGHET is Professor of Latin at Columbia University, New York. Before I opened his new book I had never (I must freely admit) heard his name. Henceforward I shall never forget it, but cherish it with deep gratitude. For he has taken me for an exciting walk through glades once loved "and lost awhile," and reawakened in me an enthusiasm which was becoming little more than a memory.

Time was when it could be taken for granted that an educated man was familiar with the Latin poets; though more, perhaps, as a rule, with Virgil, Horace and the satirists than with the others. Men in both Houses of Parliament could, and did, cap each other's quotations in debate. In Fox's day, had Horace come to life and walked into Brooks's in a toga, he and the other members would have felt thoroughly at home with each other—though it must be admitted that he, one of the most autobiographical of all poets, would have found himself exceptionally known by, as he was attuned to, English gentlemen of that age. The willingness to make public admission of a knowledge of the Latin poets dwindled throughout the later nineteenth century, because of various social upheavals and political changes. I remember, vividly, how "myself when young" became suddenly aware of the Great Divide. I was sitting in the Gallery of the House of Commons, somewhere about 1910, when F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, casually introduced, in the course of one of his customary, well-phrased, polemics, a familiar, and quite appropriate, tag from Virgil. The Labour Party at that time was quite small, but it managed, with the assistance of certain Radicals below the gangway on the Government side, to produce a quite notable volume of jeers, compounded of groans, hoots and laughs, which even gave Smith pause, a man not easily set aback. This reception, in civilised circles, would have been deemed rather bad form had it been directed at some boastful specialist who was showing off his knowledge of Sanskrit or Choctaw. "I suppose this is the end of Latin in the House," I thought to myself. To-day, I suppose the Prime Minister might, with a reasonable degree of safety, use the phrase "*quant. suff.*" especially in a debate on the Doctors' Revolt, or the phrase "*ad lib.*" But references to the Bandusian spring, which Disraeli could have made with ease and success, or to the homing of Odysseus and Argos the dog, by Gladstone (who was a knowledgeable, if rather dull, Homeric scholar), would not merely not "go down" but wouldn't even be made. Let Mr. Gaitskell, a Wykhamist, try it on his own party: I don't think Mr. Aneurin Bevan would like it a bit, though quotations from Daffyd ap-Gwylim (who, incidentally, was a remarkable landscape-poet and melodist) would probably pass muster with him, Welsh being a notable, live language (mark you!) and Latin a mere dead thing.

Latin, as a living language, went out: until the seventeenth century it was the language of diplomacy, as French (when Western Europe was more one country than it now is, though efforts are being made) was later. After that it remained a compulsory "subject" in schools. When I went up to Cambridge not only was Latin compulsory, but Greek also: I had to learn "Prometheus Bound" by heart, and no harm did it do me. I believe that they have now abolished Compulsory Greek: I should not be surprised to learn any day that a smattering of Latin is "no longer necessary" for entrance to Oxford or Cambridge. The prevalent view seems to be that these embryo polytechnics should now be concentrating on producing technologists, who probably won't know the derivations of the word by which they describe themselves, and will later, laboriously ploughing through dictionaries, concoct barbarous new names, often hybrid, and usually polysyllabic, for their new inventions and discoveries.

But I suspect that even fifty years ago the publishers' words about the Latin poets were true: "for most English readers they and their work, if known at all, were dead in the schoolroom, dry bones interred in textbooks, dissected and examined perhaps with some sort of pleasure in intellectual achievement, but never with joy." It is difficult, after all, for a boy to take an interest in, let alone like, a man who has left works which are not easy to construe and which appear to survive now purely for the purposes of examinations. Classical specialists, of whom I was not one, sometimes, possibly, were brought close to the Roman poets by exceptional masters with a gift of illuminating the past in an infective way: the rest of us were hardly given a chance even of comprehending their works, because of the haphazard way in which they were presented. The exaggerated view taken of the gulf between us and the Ancient Romans, as though they were Ancient Druids, persists in modern tourists, however well educated, in Italy. They will go (and I speak penitently, as one of them) to see the Bellinis and the Tintoretto in Venice, the Botticellis in Florence, the Michelangelo in the Medici Chapel and the Sistine, and they may, casually, inspect the Coliseum, Livia's villa (with its central heating), the Forum, and the Appian Way, with those rows of piously inscribed tombs which compel one to the reflection that Dr. Johnson's remark "A man is not on his oath in a lapidary inscription" had an earlier than eighteenth-century application.

Professor Highet has struck a blow and brings the reader up with a shock. The Latin poets are alive to him, as men and not merely as ingenious constructors of hexameters and pentameters. He realises the continuity of Italian life; he knows that the Romans were Italians, and not merely an extinct race with a talent for law, engineering, bridge-building and road-making (those talents still persist): living and loving continuously, in spite of all the invasions—and Professor Highet's compatriots were the latest strange invaders of that indestructible country. Professor Highet visits the places of origin, or of frequentation, of Catullus, Propertius, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and Juvenal: with a final chapter on Rome itself.

Such books are seldom published. Professor Highet's must assuredly awaken to a new love of Latin poetry and its chief creators, a great horde of readers who had never envisaged the men behind the works. And any man who goes to Italy after reading this book must surely have a new and thrilling experience: he will make contact with our human brothers in Ancient Rome. Horace does divide us a little: he is rather insistent on his sacrifices, and thinks he is being pious if he cuts the throat of an animal over the Bandusian Fount and mingles the blood with the water. It hurts as one reads: but he was a kindly man, and we have our slaughter-houses.

* "Poets in a Landscape: Great Latin Poets in the Italy of To-day." By Gilbert Highet. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

DRIFT AND VACILLATION OVER THE SUEZ CANAL.

By CYRIL FALLS.

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I WROTE here not long ago that United States foreign policy on the Middle East was being delegated more and more to the United Nations. This was particularly true with regard to the Suez Canal and the State of Israel. There is, of course, no ground for criticism of the practice of trying to make the United Nations carry out the functions for which it was founded, though it has seldom done so. What is unfair is that they should be reserved for cases where the vital interests of the United States are not concerned, whereas those of her allies and partners are, and that the United States should virtually sit back with folded arms and make none but the most timid efforts to support those allies and partners. There is an institution called N.A.T.O.

Salient points in the recent history of the problems with which we are concerned may be recapitulated. Regarding the Suez Canal, the United Kingdom, the United States, and France proposed that half the Canal dues should be paid to Egypt and the other half to a blocked account for the clearing and modernisation of the Canal and for dividends to shareholders. Egypt asserted on March 9 that full payment must be made to her and that she would later make payments to a blocked account. The counter-proposal appeared to be agreeable to Mr. Dulles. There was a lot of optimism in some quarters, British included. One gem of British comment ran: "There is no reason why the present improvement should not be maintained if the West pursues its real interests in the Middle East calmly and intelligently."

Optimism applied even to a situation in which Egypt proved herself more difficult. We were told that Mr. Dulles had under consideration measures such as a further tightening of economic restrictions on Egypt. The United States was said to be "hopeful" about the use of the Canal by the shipping of Israel. Colonel Nasser then advanced a short step. The United Kingdom and France were to pay their dues in strong currencies other than their own. Then, on March 29, he announced that the Canal would be operated under the authority established by Egypt on July 26, 1956; in other words, he stuck to the principle of nationalisation. Differences, he was good enough to say, might be referred to the International Court or the United Nations.

The West continued to pursue its real interests in the Middle East calmly and intelligently. A couple of days later Nasser informed American pressmen that he would resist the passage of Israel's shipping through the Canal until the refugee problem had been settled, that is, until the refugees had been given back their property, rights, and land. British and French get through if they pay dollars; Israelis do not get through at all. The cess was raised. And why not? The United States and the United Nations between them had deliberately abandoned the levers by which a just and honourable settlement—not an Anglo-French or Israeli settlement, but an international one—might have been effected.

There can hardly be a doubt that a great opportunity for arrangements which would have been as fair to Nasser as to anyone else was lost through a policy of drift. Chances were thrown into the Mediterranean from Gaza and into the Red Sea from Sharm es Sheikh and Tiran. But it ill becomes some of the critics of the British Government to reproach it with lack of statesmanship after having crabbed it and helped to bind its hands at the end of last year. Sir Anthony Eden made some miscalculations, but he made none about the character and policy of the Egyptian dictatorship or as to how it would respond to weakness and indecision.

Can we hope that this weakness is no more than a passing phase? After the Bermuda Conference many hopes were raised. There could be no question that cordiality between Britain and the United States had been to a very great extent re-established. It was taken for granted that this would speedily show itself in action. Perhaps it will after all, but at the moment of writing there is no sign of any such thing. Reports suggest that the State Department sees no way in which pressure can be put on Colonel Nasser. The President himself made a sharp distinction between Israel's withdrawal from the Gaza Strip and Sharm es Sheikh and her claim to free passage of the Suez Canal, as if he thought the former of far greater moment than the latter.

The brightest news is that a direct American approach to Egypt began about April 6, though Washington appeared pessimistic about the prospects of useful results. Good or bad, they should be apparent long before these lines are read. The move would have had a better chance of working had it been made earlier, before the dangerous impression of helplessness was given. If improvement occurs, I shall be delighted to stand in a white sheet for penitence.

The Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Menzies, has commented on the situation with his usual acuteness. He remarked that he was continuing to beg his friends in the United States to realise that it was not a foreign policy to say, "We will take this to the United Nations," and leave it at that. This was the point I strove to make in the earlier article to which I have referred. He went on: "Every great Power must get to understand that if it goes to the United Nations it must go with its own ideas, with its thoughts hammered out, so that it will move in and say: 'We have considered this: this is the right thing to do.' That means you determine, though you may not announce, your own policy before you take it to this community of nations."

These words outline a real foreign policy for a great Power, in the present case for the greatest of them all. Hitherto, so far from its having been followed, it has been consciously avoided. The United Nations suffers from certain limitations which are all too obvious. I do not pretend that it is easy for even the United States to make its policy prevail within this "community of nations," but its influence might have been salutary had it been clearly defined and expressed. Yet, to judge by a number of pronouncements, in particular those of the President, this has not been the case over the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba so far. Rather may it be said that the United Nations has been used as a refuge from responsibility.

There has been talk about "doing without the Canal" and of its importance being "less than we thought." The possibility of its being used to a lesser extent than in 1956 certainly exists. More giant tankers and oil pipelines would decrease European dependence upon it and nationalisation by a bankrupt State would provide an impetus to arrangements for doing without it in some circumstances. Yet the geographical situation and the figures of sea-miles which we were all studying last year have not altered. It would still be a heavy blow to the world, and most of all to Europe, if the Suez Canal were allowed to remain at the mercy of politics and to become a medium of extortion.



A LITTLE exhibition at Colnaghi's recently dealt with the work of a Florentine engraver, Stefano della Bella (1610-64), whose name to-day is hardly known outside a narrow circle of specialist collectors, but who was once regarded with something approaching reverence as not inferior to Jacques Callot, whose style exercised a considerable influence upon him, and as very nearly on a par with Rembrandt, whom he is said to have met when he journeyed from Paris to Amsterdam in 1647. The great eighteenth-century French collector Mariette used to say that whatever he might have to discard he would keep his della Bella collection intact, and Boule, who, besides giving his name to a distinctive type of furniture, had accumulated a notable array of works of art of all kinds, owned a vast number of drawings by him, all of which perished in 1720 in a fire. As to drawings, the British Museum has more than sixty, the Royal Library at Windsor more than a hundred, and there are many more in the Uffizi. No paintings by him are known, but etchings are abundant, for he was a prolific and industrious book illustrator.

The etchings, with which alone the exhibition is concerned, are, with a few notable exceptions, of no great size and many were made as sets from four up to a couple of dozen. There are thirteen, for example, of the set entitled "*Agréable Diversité de Figures*," six views of Leghorn Harbour, twenty-four of a set of Animal Studies (twelve of them in the exhibition), a set of eleven of Polish, Hungarian and Negro riders. Single prints from these and similar sets turn up, I am told, quite frequently, but the collector's ambition is, naturally, to acquire the complete issue and, as it were, play a successful game of Happy Families.

Della Bella's story is a simple one. He was the son of a minor sculptor, was apprenticed to a goldsmith, found himself good at etching, and, thanks to what we should now call a scholarship

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A LITTLE-KNOWN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGRAVER.

the publisher of Callot's etchings and as the author of many delightful topographical drawings. As an Italian and, consequently, a fellow-countryman of the hated Cardinal Mazarin, della Bella left Paris when that rather comic opera rebellion known as the Fronde broke out and returned to Florence, living there from 1650, with an occasional visit to Rome, until his death fourteen years later—

showing their feats to idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect towards the Louvre and suburbs. . . . The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to a new spectator is an agreeable diversion." Clearly both diarist and etcher looked at the world with the same observant, lively curiosity.

That was one aspect of della Bella's gifts—the ability to combine a distant view with a multitude of figures in the foreground. But he had other strings to his bow. He could and did design costumes and scenery for masques, those fashionable entertainments of the period, and so occupies a place in the history of one phase of the theatre, just as Inigo Jones does with us. He exhibits a very agreeable vein of fantasy combined with a nice feeling for landscape, seen to perfection in the roundel of the "*Satyr Family*" in Fig. 3. This is dated 1657, a period which is generally considered by no means his best but which seems to me, on the evidence of this plate, much underestimated. He was good with horses and animals generally; Fig. 2, the "*Polish Rider*" and the set of animals already referred to are a sufficient proof of this. He knew what a ship was like and how to make the most of its fine lines, discarding non-essentials—for this, see the set of six views of Leghorn Harbour. He was also not above indulging in what to us seem very childish games, as witness Fig. 1, an elaborate "*Italian Rebus on Fortune*"—the sort of thing which, not many years ago, delighted multitudes of young hopefuls and frequently appeared in the papers. This particular puzzle begins with the line *Fortuna e dormi*. Work out the rest for yourself. We smile at this to-day, but the seventeenth century had simple tastes and had not yet become crossword addicts. For sheer craftsmanship this plate, and another whose subject is Love, are a joy.

It is known that while he was living in Paris he had acquired some of Rembrandt's etchings, and it is thought that his visit to Holland in 1647 must have had as its main object a meeting with that Prince of Etchers. Alas! no letters nor a diary describing the visit survive. We are always grumbling about the carelessness of our ancestors in failing to provide posterity with the information it would like to possess, and here was another



FIG. 1. AN ANCESTOR OF POPULAR VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN PUZZLES BEFORE THE CROSSWORD ERA: "AN ITALIAN REBUS ON FORTUNE" IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS BY THE FLORENTINE STEFANO DELLA BELLA (1610-64) AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, 14, OLD BOND STREET.



FIG. 2. "THE POLISH RIDER": ONE OF A SET OF ELEVEN RIDERS ENGRAVED BY DELLA BELLA IN 1651. THERE WERE SEVERAL COMPLETE SETS IN THE COLNAGHI EXHIBITION.

provided by the Lorenzo de Medici of the time, spent a few useful years in Rome, and then—still in receipt of an allowance from Lorenzo—settled in Paris in 1639. There he fell on his feet immediately, working mainly for the two famous publishers, Langlois and Henriot, and on particularly friendly terms with the latter's nephew, Israel Silvestre, eleven years his junior, with whom he shared lodgings. Silvestre is remembered as

and probably finding the Florence of the mid-seventeenth century a decidedly dull backwater compared to the French capital.

If it is possible to draw conclusions from a large "*Prospect of Paris From the Pont Neuf*," he was as much impressed by the bustle and liveliness of the people as by the beauty of the view. It was etched in 1646 and, looking at it, I could not avoid thinking what an admirable comment it was upon John Evelyn's description of the same scene. The latter describes it in his diary for December 24, 1643. The reference is too long to quote here in full, but these brief extracts would surely have met with the approval of della Bella. "Over the

Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf . . . on the middle on one side stands the famous statue of Henry the Great. . . . The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John of Bologna and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First and Cosmo the Second, uncle and cousin of Mary de Medici. . . . The place where it is erected is enclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks



FIG. 3. "A VERY AGREEABLE VEIN OF FANTASY COMBINED WITH A NICE FEELING FOR LANDSCAPE": "SATYR FAMILY," BY STEFANO DELLA BELLA, WHICH IS DATED 1657.

opportunity lost. Yet how absurd we are to complain! Della Bella would have a professional regard for Rembrandt's skill but could scarcely be expected to foresee his future reputation. His interest in him would be technical—he would want to compare notes, to improve his own practice and be remembered for his own work, not as a minor artist, who once had contact with genius.



A BOLD CONTRAST BETWEEN OLD AND NEW: SIR JACOB EPSTEIN'S "CHRIST IN MAJESTY," WHICH HE HAS DESCRIBED AS HIS "GREATEST ACT OF FAITH," REVEALED IN THE NAVE OF LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

Llandaff Cathedral, which was badly damaged by a landmine in 1941, is now being restored and a striking addition to the Cathedral is the statue of "Christ in Majesty," by Sir Jacob Epstein, which has been erected in the nave at the entry to the choir. This was seen by the public for the first time on April 8. The figure of Christ is cast in aluminium and behind it is a large cylindrical structure in concrete which is to house the echo organ. The figure and the

organ housing are mounted on a concrete arch which replaces a mediæval rood screen and makes possible from floor-level an unobstructed view from the west end of the nave to the high altar and the east window. The arch was designed by Mr. George Pace. The new statue was dedicated in a service at the Cathedral on April 10. The restoration of the Cathedral is expected to be complete in 1960.

FROM THE BUDGET TO A NEW WATERFOWL COLLECTION: A VARIETY OF HOME NEWS ITEMS.



(Above.) A SCENE FROM THE RECENT LONDON PERFORMANCE OF "BENVENUTO CELLINI," AN OPERA RARELY PRESENTED IN BRITAIN. CELLINI (CHARLES CRAIG), RIGHT, WITH CARDINAL SALVIATI (STANISLAV PIECZORA), LEFT, THREATENS TO BREAK THE STATUE.

On April 9 the Carl Rosa Opera Company opened its season at Sadler's Wells with a performance of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," an opera which has been presented in Britain only twice before. It was performed in Glasgow in 1936 and, before that, in London about a hundred years ago. The conductor on this occasion was Arthur Hammond and the sets were designed by Hamish Wilson.

(Right.) A VIEW OF THE NEW WATERFOWL GARDENS AT PEAKIRK, NEAR PETERBOROUGH, WHICH WERE TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON APRIL 12.

The Wildfowl Trust's new Waterfowl Gardens at Peakirk, near Peterborough, were due to be opened by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on April 12. It is hoped that finally the second largest waterfowl collection in the world will be established at the new Gardens. The laying-out of the Gardens, which cover eleven acres, has been based on experience gained by the Wildfowl Trust with their collection of wildfowl at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire.



DESIGN FOR A NEW FOOT BRIDGE AT THE CROSSING AT BOTTOM OF LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.



IN A RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY: A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PRINT ILLUSTRATING A NOVEL IDEA TO SOLVE A LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEM. The recent exhibition "Traffic and Travel in Eighteenth- and Nineteenth-Century London"—which it is hoped to repeat later in the year—shows many interesting details of the traffic problems facing our forbears. This interesting exhibition consisted largely of prints from the Guildhall collection, and also included a number of drawings and models.



FIERAMOSCA (JOHN FAASSEN), LEFT, IS DISCOVERED IN THE HOUSE OF BALDUCCI (DONALD CAMPBELL), CENTRE, WHILE CELLINI AND TERESA (ESTELLE VALERY) LOOK ON. ANOTHER SCENE FROM "BENVENUTO CELLINI."



LEAVING NO. 11 DOWNING STREET TO PRESENT HIS FIRST BUDGET: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. THORNEYCROFT. Perhaps rather more than the usual expectation was felt by those waiting for this year's Budget, which Mr. Thorneycroft presented to a crowded House of Commons on the afternoon of April 9. Basing his proposals on the theme of "controlled expansion," the Chancellor announced a number of tax reliefs, amounting to £130,000,000 in a full year. Among these were reliefs in taxes on entertainment and sport.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE IN THE TRIAL OF DR. ADAMS: MR. GEOFFREY LAWRENCE, Q.C.

Mr. Geoffrey Lawrence, Q.C., who was Counsel for the Defence in Dr. Adams' trial, has been Recorder of Canterbury since 1952, and Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions for West Sussex since 1953. He was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1930 and became a Q.C. in 1950. Because of the "unchallengeable" evidence of the records kept by Mrs. Morrell's nurses, Mr. Lawrence did not call upon Dr. Adams to give evidence.



THE JUDGE IN DR. ADAMS' TRIAL: MR. JUSTICE DEVLIN.

Mr. Justice Devlin, who was the judge in the trial for murder of Dr. John Bodkin Adams, has been Justice of the High Court, King's Bench Division, since 1948. He is Master of the Bench of Gray's Inn and Chairman of Council, Bedford College, London University. He was called to the Bar in 1929.



DR. ADAMS' TRIAL: DR. ARTHUR DOUTHWAITE.

Dr. Arthur Douthwaite, a Harley Street specialist, was a witness for the prosecution in the trial of Dr. Adams. He said he believed Dr. Adams gave the drugs to Mrs. Morrell "to terminate life." He also said that without the drugs Mrs. Morrell would have continued to live for many years.



PROSECUTING FOR THE CROWN: THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SIR REGINALD MANNINGHAM-BULLER, Q.C.

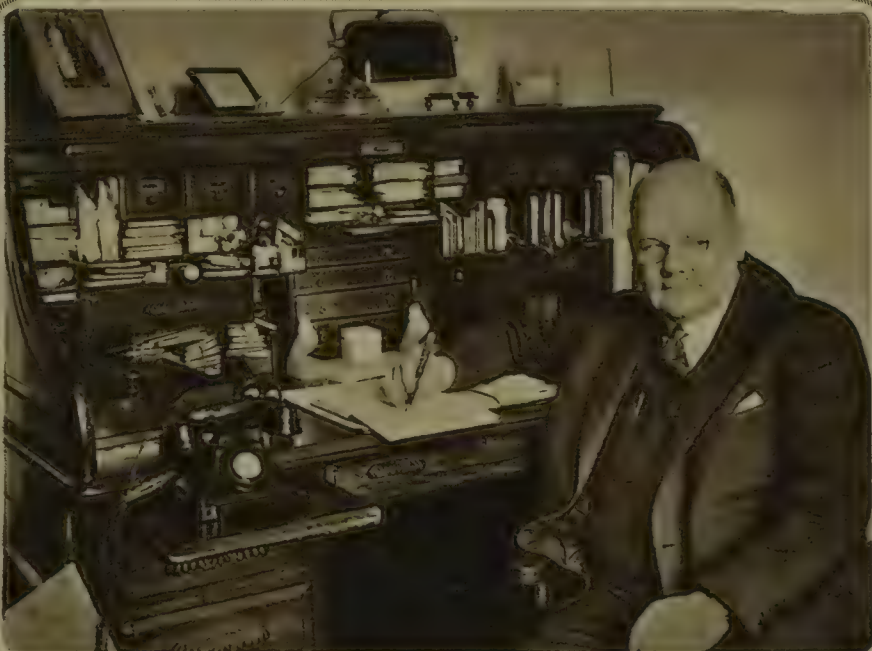
Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C., the Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution in the trial of Dr. Adams. Sir Reginald, who has been Conservative M.P. for the South Division of Northants since 1950, and before that represented the Daventry Division, has been Attorney-General since October 1954. In his summing up, Sir Reginald laid considerable emphasis on Dr. Douthwaite's statements that Dr. Adams gave Mrs. Morrell drugs "to terminate life."

PERSONALITIES IN DR. ADAMS' TRIAL, THE LONGEST RECORDED MURDER TRIAL IN BRITAIN.



A GREAT CRICKET UMPIRE: THE LATE MR. FRANK CHESTER.

Mr. Frank Chester died on April 8, aged sixty-one. He might have been equally famous as an all-round cricketer had he not lost his right arm in World War I. He first stood as an umpire in county cricket in 1922, and made his mark so rapidly that two years later he was standing in a Test match. He retired in 1955.



ACQUITTED OF THE MURDER OF MRS. EDITH MORRELL IN GREAT BRITAIN'S LONGEST MURDER TRIAL: DR. JOHN BODKIN ADAMS.

The longest recorded murder trial in Great Britain ended on April 9, the seventeenth day of the trial, with the acquittal of Dr. John Bodkin Adams of the murder of Mrs. Edith Alice Morrell, who was aged eighty-one, his former patient and a rich widow. The jury of ten men and two women gave their verdict after an absence of forty-four minutes. The trial was held at the Old Bailey.



ARCHBISHOP OF SEVILLE: THE LATE CARDINAL PEDRO SEGURA.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville, and Primate of Spain from 1927 to 1935, died on April 8. His outspokenness and militancy long embarrassed General Franco. In 1954 the Vatican took the almost unprecedented step of appointing a Coadjutor Archbishop with the right of succession to the see of Seville.



DRESSMAKER TO THE QUEEN BY APPOINTMENT: MR. NORMAN HARTNELL.

The greater part of the Queen's wardrobe for the State Visit to Paris was made by Mr. Norman Hartnell, Dressmaker by appointment to her Majesty. One of his designs which was greatly admired was the slender, silver lace, full-length formal dress worn by her Majesty for the river pageant and Embassy reception on April 9.



A FINNISH R.I.B.A. ROYAL GOLD MEDALLIST: MR. ALVAR AALTO (LEFT) AFTER BEING PRESENTED WITH THE MEDAL BY PROFESSOR J. LESLIE MARTIN (RIGHT) ON APRIL 9.

Mr. Alvar Aalto, the eminent Finnish architect, was given a very warm reception when he was presented with the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Some of Mr. Aalto's work is to be seen in the exhibition "Architecture in Finland," which continues at the R.I.B.A., 66, Portland Place, until May 2.



THE GOVERNMENT OF JORDAN RESIGNS: DR. NABULSI, THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER.

The resignation of the Government of Jordan on April 10 was not unexpected, as it was well known there had been a widening rift between King Hussein and his Cabinet. The chief issue in the disagreement has been concerning the opening of diplomatic relations with Russia. Following the resignation one report described the King as being a prisoner in his own palace.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ADVENTURE AND GALLANTRY.

By ALAN DENT.

BETWEEN you and me, most of the films I have to see—and all of those I never write about—are beneath criticism. But a rare film like "Yangtse Incident" is well above it. A film critic with hardly any courage at all—at least of the physical sort—would be presumptuous and insolent to find anything to niggle at or disparage in an obviously faithful account of an actual exploit carried through with courage of the true-blue British sort.

This story of H.M.S. *Amethyst* is recent history. It needs no description from me, and it will receive no comment. Let me say little more than that it has been faithfully filmed in and aboard *Amethyst* herself (with the River Orwell passably representing the Yangtse); that the direction is by Michael Anderson, the production by Herbert Wilcox, the screenplay by Eric Ambler; that the R.N. has been a great help at every turn, and that the technical advice has come from Commander J. S. Kerans himself. The film begins and ends with a close-up of a tattered White Ensign bravely flying.

Of this film's heroics, so characteristically understressed, I shall say no more. Of its humour I am more competent to speak and must opine that it is no less convincing and true. When Commander Kerans (Richard Todd) arrives to take over from the dead Captain he immediately sets about restoring the ship to order and discipline. The only comment comes from one ordinary seaman remarking, *sotto voce*, to another:—"Fancy sending a spit-and-polish merchant at a time like this!" That is dead-true to the lower deck. So, too, is the remark of Leading Seaman Frank (William Hartnell) to a boy-seaman confessing he had been scared in the worst of the Chinese bombardments when it was just over:—"If you'd said you weren't scared, I'd have crowned you!" (the cockney "crown" meaning to box the ears in rebuke). Dead-true, likewise, to naval procedure is H.M.S. *Concord's* greeting to *Amethyst* when, after its sensational dash, it rejoined the fleet. It ran quite simply:—"Fancy meeting you again."

The highly theatrical but effective Chinese general of Akim Tamiroff serves only to heighten the naturalness of the actors playing the *Amethyst's* crew. These are too numerous to mention, but it is impossible to withhold commendation of—besides those players already named—Donald Houston, as a young lieutenant who resented being wounded, and of Ray Jackson, who stuck manfully to his telegraph for three days and nights with no support but herring sandwiches and a sense of what he would call his bleeding duty.

A similar sense now makes me turn to "The Monte Carlo Story," in which Marlene Dietrich plays a penniless adventuress pretending to be rich in order to lure into marriage Vittorio de Sica. That dashing old Italian, in his turn, is a penniless adventurer pretending to own a yacht in order to lure likewise and similarly. She is no more a rich Marquise than he is a rich Count, and I confess I spent a large part of the running-time of this film recalling the titles of certain Riviera romances of the late E. Phillips Oppenheim, avidly consumed in my youth and with plots—all of them—very similar to "The Monte Carlo Story." Here I break off to look into Arnold Bennett's "Journals" to find any mention of Oppenheim and discover him described as "a jolly, middle-aged, grey man." Miss Dietrich and Mr. de Sica are jolly too.

Then there has been a very strange film about a shipwreck—full of adventure and gallantry also, in its way—called "Sea Wife." Four people survive in a rubber raft and drift for days and nights in the Indian Ocean. They are Joan Collins as a beautiful young nun, Richard Burton as a young R.A.F. officer, Basil Sydney as a selfish tycoon, and Cy Grant as a coloured purser who meets abuse with handsome dignity. But both the direction and the dialogue unremittingly get in the way of letting us believe for as much as two minutes on end that these really are four ill-assorted people in a desperate plight. They are just four agreeable players.

Even when they are washed up on a coral island, uninhabited and romantic, their story just goes on drifting and swirling, as directionless as their rubber dinghy. The purser is helpful and practical. The tycoon goes on believing in himself and in nobody else. The young officer begins to think affectionately of the girl, and the girl goes on thinking of nothing but spiritual grace. This story, if it can be called a story and not merely a situation, is one long "flash-back." There is an odd frame—made up of prologue and epilogue—in which we glimpse the young lady again as an unflinching nun, the tycoon in a mental home, and the young officer—apparently boundlessly rich—inserting innumerable advertisements in the newspapers in his search for the girl whom he calls his "sea wife" and whom he does *not* find at the very end. The shipwreck at the beginning is horrifyingly well managed. But after that a preternatural calm sets in. The direction is by Bob McNaught, and the source is a novel by J. M. Scott called "Sea-Wyf and Biscuit" which this film would not make me want to read, even if I were a castaway on a coral island with nothing else to do.

This film at least served to remind me of a delicious episode in one of the Hope-Crosby films in which the debonair pair somehow found themselves adrift in mid-ocean on a raft and drawing lots as to which one was to eat the other. Bob Hope lost, and I shall long remember the comic anguish of his expression when he pointed to his own torso and said to Bing Crosby: "But you can't eat *me*—without mustard!" The reminiscence leads me very naturally to "The Last Cannibals"—a remarkable hour-long documentary which is all adventure and no gallantry whatever. It has been made by the intrepid Danish explorer, Jens Bjerre, in the course of an expedition into the all-but-impenetrable heart of New Guinea. There is a certain comfort in being assured that cannibalism has almost, if not quite, disappeared; and that the normal and usual staple diet is sago pudding. The whole thing is an enthralling piece of non-fiction.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"BROTHERS IN LAW" (Generally Released; April 1).—A gorgeously funny tilt at the machinery of the Law, and said to be already a great favourite with the Law itself. British comedy at its best, with Ian Carmichael and Richard Attenborough and Terry-Thomas hilariously outshining each other in legal wigs.

"THE AFRICAN LION" (Generally Released; April 8).—The latest in the admirable "true life" series organised and backed by Walt Disney. Here be lions—whole prides of them, in their natural habitat and colouring. Truly thrilling to any filmgoer of any age.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE END CROWNS ALL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

DEPLORABLY, my attention roamed about half-way through "Fin de Partie" at the Royal Court. Try as I would, I could not return for long to the matter in hand. This is something that can happen even to a drama critic; but here, I am told, my attention should have been fixed, riveted, to the stage, grappled to it by hoops of steel.

Consider what we were watching. The scene was described tersely as "an interior," one that reminded me vaguely—I cannot be more precise—of a blend of gaol, decayed mill, and *oubliette*. More important were the furnishings. In mid-stage a tiresome, blind old man (Hamm) in a murky red dressing-gown, occupied a wheel-chair. At the side of the stage stood a pair of dustbins. Now and again a lid would rise and a head would pop up—wife (Nell) to the left, husband (Nagg) to the right. These, Hamm's parents, had lost their legs when tandem-cycling. Also present: another blunt monosyllable, Clov, a slave permanently-bent, who appeared to be having a dolorous evening.

The four personages, very well acted by a French cast under Roger Blin's guidance, were created by Samuel Beckett, who wrote "Waiting for Godot." They may be curious to us; we can assume only that he knows them well and finds nothing difficult in the idea of legless ancients in garbages. His piece should have held attention rapt, for—according to a crib kindly handed to me—it was not only "in the straight clowning tradition," but also an "extraordinary combination of allegory, symbolism, myth, religion, hope, despair, and resignation." Soon I could understand the resignation and despair; but I did not find it easy to welcome with what Shakespeare calls "all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence" an apparent mixture of repetitive repartee, chess symbolism, and dustbins.

Despair prompted a rush of moody couplets:

Clov and Hamm and Nagg and Nell
Lead us steadily to Hell.

and

Life is fleeting; none can check it:
Hear at once the worst with Beckett.

It was after this exercise that I slid into a reverie—induced dimly, perhaps, by the title of the piece, but having no connection with it.

On the previous night—as recorded in last week's article—I had been watching "As You Like It" at Stratford, and wondering as usual about that cobbled-up end. The "person representing Hymen" begins the trouble. Shakespeare allows us to think what we wish: the Beckett method. Then, two minutes later, there is Jaques de Boys, a young man who has worried me. In the first speech of the night he is at school where "report speaks goldenly of his profit," and at the very end he is with us in person, ready to announce that Duke Frederick has been converted by an old religious man. It occurred to me at Stratford that the O.R.M. must have had astonishing persuasive power to convert Mark Dignam's foaming Duke.

From Jaques I drifted off to other late arrivals: to Fortinbras, who used, so oddly, to be cut from "Hamlet"; to the Soothsayer, Philharmonus, who is inevitably cut from "Cymbeline"; to Prince Henry in "King John," who speaks the lines often murdered (but I write before the current Stratford revival) about the "cygnet to this pale faint swan"; and to Mercade who, in "Love's Labour's Lost," has a magnificent entry when the realities of life and death break in upon the brittle fooling in the park of Navarre.

I went on to the classical Messengers with news of death and bane, and found myself back with the twelfth-hour men and women of a more modern theatre: the Soldier ("Rum tum trumpledum") who gave the Cross to Saint Joan; the general's shy little maid at the end of "The Waltz of the Toreadors"; Skippis, the rag-and-bone man, who roars his Alleluias at the close of "The Lady's Not For Burning"; the barmaid who puts all right in Sherriff's "Home at Seven"; and any number of people in various full-circle plays, who are brought in at the last so that the play can begin over again: an old device, one that seldom fails.

More and more characters flicked back to memory as the Court performance went on. I began to search for the name of the trying woman, Gummidge—no, Guzzard—who rules the last act of "The Confidential Clerk"; and while Clov was trundling Hamm round the stage, I was pondering over the provincial theatre-manager (John Coleman speaks of him) who was resolved to get his curtain down at eleven o'clock. When "Eugene Aram" had exceeded its time one evening, the manager rushed on in a black cloak early in the death scene, crying: "Ah, my dear Aram, don't trouble to poison yourself. The Home Secretary has sent a reprieve, and Madeleine is waiting to be married." Obediently, the curtain fell.

Presently, the curtain fell on "Fin de Partie." (A distinguished colleague, a few yards off, quoted under his breath what I took to be my favourite line from Sean O'Casey.) We had yet to have an after-piece, a mime, also Mr. Beckett's invention, called "Acte Sans Paroles." Here the scene, a desert, took the wandering imagination back to "this desert inaccessible" of Arden. If no one had told me, I might have said that the entertainment, acted by Deryk Mendel, was a useful, if prolonged, variety turn devised by somebody who had read of the tortures of Tantalus. It proved to be a reflection of "the tragedy of Man's incapacity on earth," an assurance that "Man's purgatory is eternal."

Undeniably, these plays will be analysed to shreds. That is what happened to the worthier "Waiting for Godot." The libretti of the Savoy operas might help. Did not Lady Blanche, who lectured on Abstract Philosophy, propose to consider at length how "the Is and Might Be stand compared with the inevitable Must"? I am sure, in the words of another opera, that Mr. Beckett is "very singularly deep"; we have not seen the last of those dustbins.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KING JOHN" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Douglas Seale's production of the history, with Robert Harris as the King and Alec Clunes as the Bastard. (April 16.)
"HARMONY CLOSE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A new musical comedy by Charles Ross and Ronald Cass. (April 17.)

The Brandy of Napoleon



Photo : J. COQUIN

Shell guide to trees in APRIL

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



The ASH (1, 1A) opens its black buds before the leaves appear. Neat and fine-twigged, the scarce HORNBEAM (2, 2A) produces leaf and catkin together. SILVER BIRCHES (3) dangle male catkins (3A), female catkins standing upright (3B). Buds on SYCAMORE unfold (4, 4A), rosy female cones ornament the LARCH (5, 5A), SCOTS PINE (6) will soon open female (6A) and more conspicuous male (6B) flowers.

In gardens the PEAR is like snow (7, 7A), ornamental CRAB APPLES blossom (8, 9, 8A, 9A), and MAGNOLIA swanks with its great flowers of pink-tinted ivory (10, 10A). Our garden Magnolia is a hybrid between

two kinds from China, where poets called Magnolia "How Do You Do to the Spring".

Sticky buds on the HORSE CHESTNUT (11, 11A) won't release their flowers till May. Life stirs in the twisty JUDAS TREE, gallows of Judas (12), though it will be late May before the flowers (12A) open along twig and trunk—flowers edible in salad or pancakes. The poet's SWEET BAY has modest flowers and dark aromatic evergreen foliage (13, 13A). JAPANESE CHERRIES (14) show some early colour. *April memo:* soak Horse Chestnut buds and twigs in water. Shine a torch through the water and it will glow with blue luminescence.



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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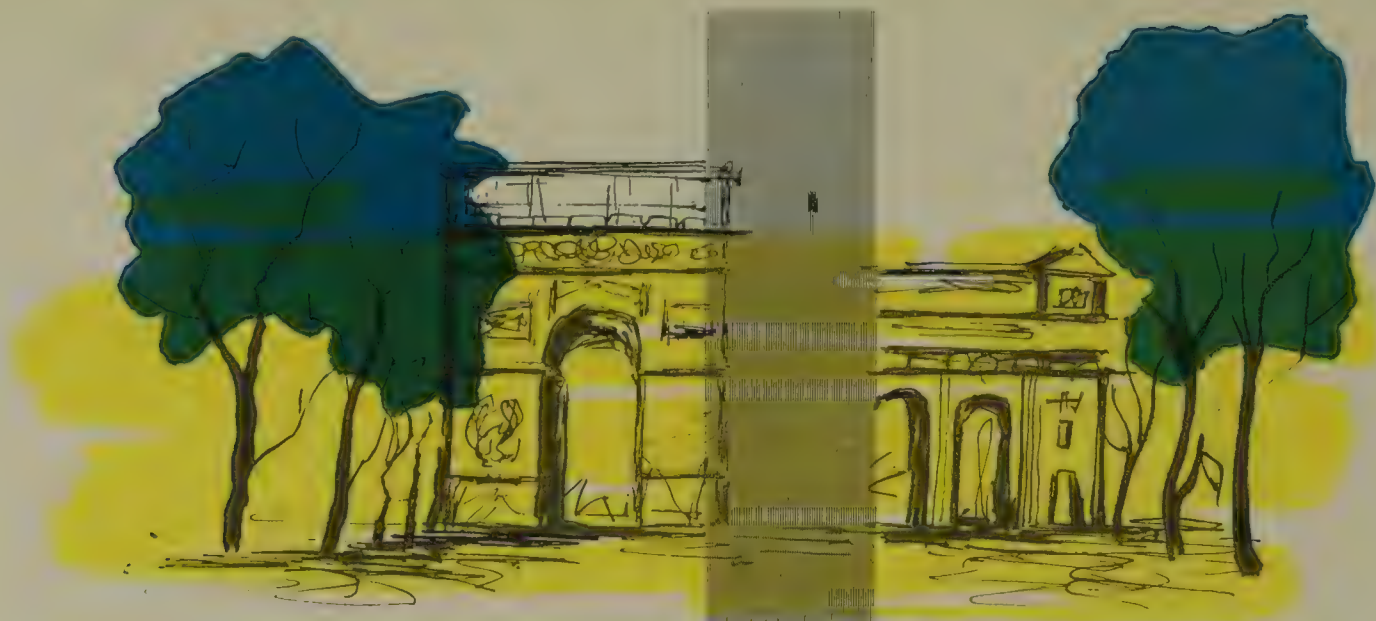
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IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FOR YOUR SURPLUS PETROL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH I do not own a car at the present time, I come in for quite a lot of motoring of one sort and another. It follows, therefore, that I hear a good deal—not of any shortage of petrol—but of petrol rationing. The newspapers have referred to the situation more than once. I have gathered, during my quite unhindered hitherings and thitherings, that there is no real shortage of petrol. In fact, the whole country would appear to be soaked and sodden in the stuff, and stiff with fellows whose function and livelihood it is to sell it, but who are handicapped by a mild irritant called rationing. Having no car of my own I am not directly affected by all this pother, and so can sit back and relish the petrol and the coupon yarns which are floating around. The richest of them all was that of the filling-station master who spent a happy Sunday selling some thousands of gallons of petrol without coupons, having bought the stuff before rationing started. To my infinite regret, however, I never heard the end of that one. A smaller but significant incident happened more recently to a friend of mine. She was on a long motor journey and stopped at a wayside garage and had her tank filled up. Having paid in the ordinary way, she went her way in the ordinary way, only to realise, after thirty or so miles, that she had forgotten to hand over any coupons. Being afflicted by a well-developed conscience, she stopped an A.A. patrol and asked him what she had better do about it. He just laughed and laughed and laughed. The motoring atmosphere is so full of joyous incidents of this kind, and alas, too, of cases of applications for supplementary coupons for genuine and urgent hard cases being treated in a niggardly and dilatory way, that the law has been brought into so much contempt that the chances of the situation being eased, or the irritant abolished altogether, in the very near future must surely be very good indeed.

But what, you may ask, has all this got to do with gardening? Quite a lot, I assure you. I was going to advise you to invest in a perfectly fascinating little book with some enchanting illustrations, and suggestions for untold pleasure during the coming summer and autumn. Price 1s. 6d., plus 4d. postage. Then I hesitated. To make the fullest use of this book might entail a certain amount of motoring, for which you were being denied the necessary petrol. However, second thoughts told me not to be silly. You will manage somehow, and, anyway, it is highly probable that rationing will have come to an end in good time for you to make full use of this little book—"The Illustrated Guide to the Gardens of England and Wales open to the public under the National Gardens Scheme."

You will almost certainly have heard of this truly grand scheme, by which the owners of fine gardens in every part of England and Wales throw them open to the public on stated days, many of them on several days during the summer at times when they are at their best. The charge for admission is usually either 1s. or 1s. 6d., and the proceeds from these openings are used to provide annual grants and to give other assistance to district nurses and district midwives who in retirement receive little or no benefit from any superannuation scheme. There are many elderly nurses still to retire who will need this help. The National Trust receive an agreed percentage of the annual proceeds for the preservation of certain gardens of historic and national importance.

There are in the neighbourhood of a thousand fine gardens included in the National Gardens Scheme, many of which are open two or three times during the summer. This wonderful scheme, which enables gardeners and flower-lovers to visit some of our finest and loveliest gardens in the country, is already fairly well-known. Yet it is surprising to find how relatively few keen gardeners have taken the trouble to secure a copy of this illustrated guide to the gardens which may be visited under the scheme. And yet what a fascinating guide it is to study, and how uncommonly tempting as one runs through the available gardens in one's own county and adjoining counties, not to mention the more distant districts that one is likely to be visiting during the course of the summer and autumn. And in spite of the blight of petrol rationing, there are few of the gardens which can not be reached by one means or another—train, bus or motor-coach, taxi, or—oh, so simple—on foot. And there are gardens to appeal to all types of gardener, as well as to avowed sightseers. Big stately gardens, formal gardens, with roses or regimented summer flowers, rock, bog and water gardens, historic gardens, and small gardens whose owners know every plant, tree and shrub intimately, and tend them personally. It is such gardens as these which will appeal most strongly to true practising gardeners as opposed to enthusiastic but untutored sightseers.

Gardens are open, unless otherwise stated in the guide, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on weekdays, and from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. on Sundays. The house is not usually open, but where the house, or part-house, is shown, an additional charge may be made. The catalogue of the gardens which may be visited gives a key to the things for which the gardens are of special interest—botanical, historical, and so forth.

The Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club have kindly arranged for their patrols to have copies of the catalogue, so that they may direct motorists to the gardens when asked, and I feel sure that pedestrians need never hesitate to ask the patrols for guidance.

So now, order your copy of "The Illustrated Guide 1957 to the Gardens of England and Wales open under the National Gardens Scheme," and spend a pleasant evening or two deciding which gardens you will visit. It is a far more satisfactory way of seeing fine gardens than that adopted by a friend with whom I was motoring last summer. He suddenly turned in at some impressive lodge gates and drove through a fairyland of rhododendrons, azaleas, acers and choice conifers for about three-quarters of a mile until we arrived at a mansion in the Hatfield House class. He drew up at the front door, rang the bell, had five minutes' conversation with the liveried personage, even more stately than the house, who opened the door, returned to the car, and drove back, in oh, such leisure, to the public road. And then, to my enquiries, he explained the big idea. He had wished to see the rhododendrons, of whose fame he had heard. And the conversation with the butler? That was sheer bluff—cover for his being there. He blandly asked if they had any guinea-fowl eggs for sale. He explained to me that he felt that guinea-fowl eggs seemed more high-sounding, more fitting for the whole set up than just mere eggs. But if you lack that brand of eccentricity and brazen nerve, I recommend the catalogue of the National Gardens Scheme.

* Obtainable from The Organising Secretary, The National Gardens Scheme, 57, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1; 1s. 10d. post free.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SLOW-WORMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FEW years ago there were three reptiles hanging by string from the branches of a sapling growing near a cottage isolated in the heart of the English countryside. My guess was that the cottage was inhabited by a gamekeeper, since the three carcasses were strung up in the manner familiarly used for hanging the bodies of stoats, weasels, hedgehogs and the rest on the so-called gamekeepers' gibbets. Whoever had done this must have been under the impression that the three reptiles were adders. In fact, one was a grass-snake, a non-poisonous species, and the other two were slow-worms.

This is one of the seasons of the year when slow-worms are likely to be commonly seen on the surface of the ground. The other is late summer, when the pregnant females are given to basking in the sun. The slow-worm or blindworm is so familiar to us by name that we ought to be safe in assuming that everyone knows the animal by sight. Yet it is the case that large numbers must be killed each year, under the mistaken impression that they are poisonous snakes. Apart from other evidence of this, one has only to take note of the numbers of mangled bodies of this harmless lizard which one comes across in the ordinary course of events. So, although slow-worms may appear to be a commonplace topic, almost demanding an apology for returning to it, it seems we cannot too often draw attention to its harmless and, indeed, its useful nature. Gardeners of all people should think twice before driving their spades through its body, since its food is mainly slugs, together with insect grubs.

If, in my first paragraph, I appear to be casting aspersions upon a gamekeeper's inability to learn from experience, perhaps I can offset it by recounting something appropriate to the occasion which caused me, at least, mild amusement. In 1839, Bell wrote "A History of British Reptiles," in which he remarked that the total length of the slow-worm "is from 10 to 12, or even 14 inches." Fifty years later, an indignant Captain Mayne Reid, in his "Naturalist in Siluria," wrote: "Mr. Bell, in his 'History of British Reptiles,' the accredited standard work on our native herpetology, speaking of the slow-worm, says that its 'total length is from 10 to 12, or even 14 inches.' Why even 14 inches? Such loose conjectural phraseology, too often indulged in by zoological writers, is likely to mislead, as in the present instance, when it gives an indefinite idea of the reptile's size—indeed, an erroneous one—which, after Mr. Bell, no doubt, has been copied and found a place in our standard encyclopaedias. The error may be worth rectification, and I can rectify it from actual measurements of several slow-worms taken in my own grounds, some of which were much above 14 inches in length, and one actually exceeding 17 inches."

Twenty-one years later, in 1910, Lydeker, writing in the "Harmsworth Natural History," a comprehensive and highly authoritative work, says of the slow-worm: "Attaining a length of from 10 to 12 inches, or even 14 inches. . . ." There is no point in pursuing this in detail, except to say that this same phrase, in more or less the same form, appears in successive works up to 1949, at least. And this, despite Edward Step, who wrote in his "Animal Life of the British Isles," dated 1921, "The slow-worm attains a maximum length of 17 or 18 inches, but the average 'large' example is about a foot long." To clinch the matter, it is worth quoting Malcolm Smith, in "The British Amphibians and Reptiles," dated 1951, who gives the maximum length for a male as 17½ ins. (or 444 mm., not 427 mm. as rendered by Malcolm Smith) and for a female 18½ ins. (or 460 mm.). For the Continent, the figures are higher, a female from the Côte d'Or, France, being 20.6 ins. (or 524 mm.).

So far as length is concerned, there is an excuse for mistaking the harmless slow-worm for the poisonous adder, for, again quoting Malcolm Smith, the maximum for adders in Britain is 624 mm. for a female and 606 mm. for a male. There should, however, be no reason for confusing their appearance. The body of the slow-worm is covered with very small round scales so that it appears smooth, and this with its colour gives it the appearance of burnished metal. The males may be dark-brown, grey, chestnut, bronze or brick-red, and there is a variety, a most beautiful object, which is spotted with blue. All blue-spotted slow-worms are males.

Although one may speak of the blue-spotted slow-worms as beautiful, all members of the species can be so described, and not least the very young. These are born during late August or September. The birth is of the kind referred to as ovoviviparous, which means that the eggs are hatched within the parent's body or soon after extrusion. More often, the semi-transparent membrane enclosing the young slow-worm is ruptured some minutes after birth. It is then possible to see the youngster within effecting its own exit, breaking the membrane by a stabbing movement of the head. After this, the young slow-worm emerges, golden, silver, sometimes yellowish or greenish, on the upper parts of the body and with the underparts jet black, setting off to perfection the metallic appearance of the back and flanks. There is also a black spot on the back of the head, with a fine black line running down the mid-line of the back to the tip of the tail.

Although the newly-born slow-worm is capable of looking after itself from the start, it takes four years to grow up. Indeed, these legless lizards are long-lived, the greatest age recorded being fifty-four years. As growth proceeds, there is a change in colour, which is most marked at the age of three years. Then, the contrasting colours of upper and underparts gradually disappear in the males. In the females, the change is less complete, so that they retain to some degree the pattern of the juveniles.

We may confidently speak of slow-worms as lizards despite their snake-like bodies. They have eyelids, for, in contradiction of their alternative common name, the blindworm, they have eyes; and no snake has eyelids. Slow-worms also show their relationship to lizards in the structure of the skull and in other anatomical details, and, finally, they have the typical lizard trick of shedding the tail, in moments of alarm. This does not develop for the first two or three years of life, so that most young slow-worms have their tails intact, whereas a third of the fully-grown individuals have only the reconditioned stump to mark where part of the old tail was shed and a new end grown.

The legless character of the slow-worm is not found in all the members of its family (the *Anguillidae*). Some members of this family living in North America have the full complement of four well-developed legs, and between these and our *Anguis fragilis* it is possible to arrange the other members of the family to show all stages in the loss or disappearance of the legs. Our own slow-worms have still, under the skin, the remains of both the shoulder and hip girdles, to suggest that their ancestors did, indeed, have the normal organs of locomotion.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SUPPOSE it were to turn out that in this age a shot of "period" (far from being aesthetically deplorable) is just what fiction requires! I owe the pleasing speculation to "The Heroes of Clone," by Margaret Kennedy (Macmillan; 15s.): which will surprise no one who remembers the super-quality of "Troy Chimneys." Though, of course, this writer may be a special case; and though I admit that she is equally entertaining, though not nearly so striking, on modern ground. Her new book gives one a chance to compare, for it is not pure-historical like the other. This tale, both in date and interest, is patchwork—part modern, part mid-Victorian: a detective romance, a romantic drama and a ghost story, all in one piece. Not a purist's idea of composition: but so intensely readable as to evoke the cliché that one can't put it down.

The Victorian part has no hero; that is its essence. The modern hero is Roy Collins, a would-be tough, blatantly uncultured young man, affecting the style and accent of a "plumber's mate," but with a genius for cinema. His goal is to compose and direct his own pictures. His present job is in the script department of a great tosh-company, which is planning a film on the once popular, long-demoted tosh-novelist, Dorothea Harding. This maiden lady was one of the Hardings of Bramstock. She left some unpublished poems and a rather cryptic diary, both featuring a mysterious G. Many years later, the poems had a slight vogue; and a highbrow critic expounded them as the fruit of a love-affair with her sister's husband, which the parson prevailed on her to break off. Much later still, Mundy's book inspired a tosh-drama which ran for two years. Hence "The Harding Story"—and Roy's dispatch to Bramstock, with the naïve playwright, to "drink in the atmosphere."

Roy couldn't care less, and has not read a word of Dorothea. But he has his genius. He sees two shots, one by the river, one in the dim drawing-room, and they are both "wrong." And both are piercingly, crushingly sad. . . . Then we go back a hundred years: back into the true story of Dorothea, Gabriel of Clone, and the renunciation. This is deeply period—a feminist's tragedy—and has the same tension and finish as "Troy Chimneys." The three young girls, with their ideal heroes and "chronicle of Clone," suggest an obvious parallel in real life (while Mundy has perhaps more than one). And when all is lost, we return to Dorothea's champion, born too late, and see him fully enlightened and taking unconscious revenge on the Harding egoism, which has been the villain all through. An impressive core: an attractive, though less perfect envelope.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Charity Ball," by Egon Hostovsky (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), really is from the Czech; I looked twice, because the translation (by Philip H. Smith) has such an air. Which was required, in such an odd, stylish, phantasmagoric drama. The charity ball, given at the Hotel Atlanta in New York, in aid of political refugees, is also a bazaar or nightmare of human life. Outside, a storm has burst; inside, in the hubbub of motley, egocentric wraiths, an elderly American lady named Barbara Greene is having "clairvoyant hallucinations." The ball has revealed itself as a Masque of Destiny. In the centre, at table 15, are three people—Eugene Rindt the Austrian, his American wife, and his pop-eyed brother Julius—"all silent and all damned." Eugene has a revolver in his overcoat pocket. And Barbara's long-dead sister Elizabeth has come back, as a Hungarian girl in bitter trouble. . . . It is the moment of doom: the moment of heartbreak. Only there is a Prospero on the stage—a walrus-faced, tipling old clown named Professor Wunderlich, by whose rough magic the doom is deflected and the heartbreak saved. In the margin of these events are other figures, droll, sinister or both; and while the emotion left me rather cold, the wit has a rare flavour.

"Growing Up," by Barbara Lucas (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), is just what you would suppose, a study of girlhood. It opens in 1927, when Lucy, the narrator and subject, is fifteen: one of a very happy family. Rose is Lucy's image of womanhood. The record begins with her love-affairs, and ends by exploding her, if one can use so harsh a term; while in between, we have Lucy at school, abroad, and falling in love herself. Rose appears wickedly to the life; and the whole book is charming, precise, desultory, not much of a story.

"The Strange Bedfellow," by Evelyn Berckman (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 11s. 6d.), is a superb Gothic thriller-cum-detective-novel, in which the crime and problem are more than 200 years old. An American girl from a London museum has come to Reinhold's-Turm, the deserted summer residence of an extinct duchy, in quest of the ruby named Kali's Eye, which disappeared after the affair of the wicked princess and the moneylender. All by herself, from the hints of a centenarian cocoon, a Jewish zombie, the muniment room in the arch and the inscription in the chapel, she works it out—and there is a fine, modern thriller-element at both ends.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

NEVER say die! As Black in this important game against a well-known player who has made innumerable appearances in the British Championship, I gave myself no chance of survival at the first adjournment.

IRREGULAR OPENING (PHILIDOR?).

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	P-K4	6. P-KKt3	P-KKt3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	7. B-Kt2	B-Kt2
3. P-K4	P-KB4	8. Castles	Castles
4. P-Q3	Kt-KB3	9. Kt-Q5	Kt-Q5
5. Kt-B3	Kt-B3		

I have obtained a good opening but here 9. . . . Kt-K2 might have been sounder.

10. Kt×QKt	P×Kt	15. KR-K1	QR-K1
11. P×P	P×P	16. P-Kt3	R-K4
12. B-Kt5	P-B3	17. Kt-R3	Kt-Kt5
13. Kt-B4!	Q-Kt3	18. B-B4	R×Ktch
14. Q-Q2	B-Q2	19. R×R	Kt-K4

This knight largely compensates for my pawn weaknesses.

20. B-R6	Q-Q1	23. Q-Kt4	B-B1
21. B×B	K×B	24. P-B5	
22. Kt-B4	K-R1		

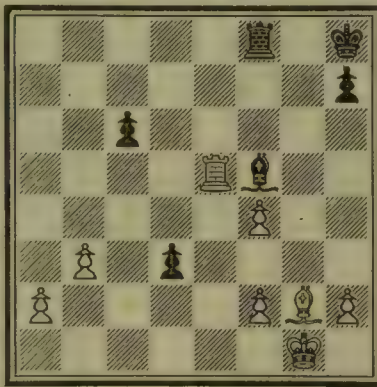
I had under-estimated the power of this move in undermining my knight. I am in trouble.

24.	Q-P4	25. K-B1	
Not 25. P×P, P-Kt3;	26. Q×QP??	Kt-B6ch.	
25.	P×P	29. Kt×P	Kt×Kt
26. Q×BP	Kt-Kt3	30. P×Kt	B-B4?
27. Kt-R5	Q-Q1	31. Q×KtP(?)	
28. Q×RP	P-B5		

Now White could have played 31. B-K4, and if 31. . . . B-R6ch; 32. K-K2 (threatening 33. R-KKt1 as well as 33. Q×KtP). There is one line of play interesting for Black: 32. . . . R×P; 33. Q×KtP? R×Pch; 34. K×R, Q-R5ch; Black recovers the rook or forces perpetual check.

Now, however, Black obtains some fighting chances from his passed queen's pawn.

31.	B×Pch	34. R-K7	B-B4
32. K-Kt1	Q-B3	35. Q-K5	Q×Q
33. Q-B7	B-B7	36. R×Q	P-Q6



A glimmer of hope dawns, in a situation that seemed black as night. 37. K-B1, P-Q7; 38. K-K2, R-Q1; 39. K-Q1, B-B7ch would not do.

I expected 37. B-B3, P-Q7 (threat 38. . . . B-B7); 38. B-Q1, R-KKtch; 39. K-R1. (Forced; 39. K-B1, B-Q6ch wins for Black), but what now?

37. B×P?	P-Q7	38. R-Q5	
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Realising too late that 38. B-B3 would now lose: 38. . . . R-KKtch; 39. K-R1 (again forced), B-B7; 40. R-Q5, P-Q8(Qch)! 41. B×Q, B-K5ch! or 41. R×Q, B×R; the Rook should beat the Bishop.

39.	B-K5	42. K-K1	R-K1ch
38. R×P	B×B	43. K-Q2	R-K7ch
40. R-Q4	K-Kt2	44. K-Q3	R×RP
41. K-B1	B-B6	45. K-K3?	

An error. 45. R-Q7ch was necessary; Black would have to tie himself in knots to preserve his KRP. Now Black could have prevented R-Q7ch by 45. . . . B-Kt5.

45.	B-R1	48. R×P	R-R6
46. R-Q7ch	K-Kt3	49. R-R5ch	K-K3
47. P-B5ch	K×P	50. R-Kt5	B-Q4

Drawn, as R can draw against R and B.

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND A RECENT YUGOSLAV ADVENTURE.

I KNOW three nice things about Mr. Gladstone. He was the first secretary of the Oxford Union; Queen Victoria was unjustifiably rude to him in her *en clair* telegram about the death of General Gordon, and he had an enchanting wife. M. André Maurois, in his life of Disraeli, quotes somewhere the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone used to sit in front of the fire, singing:

A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife,

We will fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.

While the dreary old G.O.M. (who would be far, far to the right of Mr. Harold Macmillan were he alive to-day) emerges as full of porridge as everybody

suspected, Mrs. Gladstone—one of those apparently dull Scots girls with hidden depths of passionate enthusiasm—is a wholly admirable young woman. In "Mrs. Gladstone—The Portrait of a Marriage," by Georgina Battiscombe (Constable; 21s.), the authoress provides us with a charming picture of one who was called by her contemporaries the "Grande Dame" or "G.D." Little changes. Mrs. Battiscombe describes Gladstone, when he was sent on a mission to the Ionian Islands, then under British protection. But alas! I do not detect the splendid story of how the future G.O.M., on the return of the islands to Greece, waved his umbrella in the Mediterranean sunshine and delivered himself of a little impromptu trifle in Thucydidean Greek, lasting not a moment more than 2½ hours. Unfortunately, his accent was the extremely Anglo-Saxon one of Oxford in the '30's. "How nice," said the natives of Corfu, "of Mr. Gladstone to make such a charming speech. What a pity he had to speak in English." There is only one reference to the Gordon incident, the greatest and blackest blot on Gladstone's memory, when Mrs. Battiscombe writes: "A gloomy and irate Prime Minister travelled up to London, not to be the slightest cheered until his devoted wife had him cosily installed by a roaring fire eating a supper of eggs and mutton chops." I fear that it will need more than this delightful piece of special pleading to make the subject's husband more agreeable to the present reviewer. But how attractive Mrs. Gladstone must have been, and how aptly the authoress has chosen the sub-title. "Dear William" must have had some points to have aroused so much affection in such diverse personalities as his wife and Cardinal Manning.

I doubt whether the G.O.M., with all his classicism, would have agreed with the pictures of classical antiquity so admirably portrayed in Mr. Ivor Brown's "Dark Ladies" (Collins; 18s.). His dark ladies are three Greeks, Helen of Troy, Sappho and Cleopatra, with Shakespeare's "dark lady" thrown in for good measure. How charmingly Mr. Ivor Brown describes Greek mythology! Helen was the daughter of Leda, whom you may remember got all too closely engaged with Zeus in the shape of a swan: "It is natural to suppose some testy interrogation by her husband, but Greek husbands of the Saga Period may well have given up hope of fidelity in their wives. With Zeus on the lookout in his Olympian gazebo, married men and fathers must have been accustomed to the arrival of strange birds and beasts with a dangerous look in their eyes and to the subsequent appearance of uncovenanted offspring." Mr. Ivor Brown is kind to Sappho, learned about Cleopatra, and pleasantly scholarly about Shakespeare's "dark lady." A most satisfying book.

In "Women in a Village" (Heinemann; 21s.), Louisa Rayner, an Englishwoman, tells of her experiences in a small village in Yugoslavia where, with her Yugoslav husband and her small daughter, she took refuge when Belgrade was bombed in 1944. As a classical scholar she saw in the backwardness and filth with which we associate a Balkan village, the life as it was lived in classical Greece when the swine into which Circe turned Odysseus' companions were the woolly hogs with which any traveller in the Balkans to-day is familiar. If we think of being too kindly, however, towards the present separatist Communism in Yugoslavia, I recommend Louisa Rayner's pages on the arrival of the Partisans in their tiny village.

A woman who played a great part during another civil war was Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle, whose story is told by Douglas Grant in "Margaret the First" (Hart-Davis; 25s.). She was the wife of the great staunch Royalist, whose White Coats were the backbone of the Royal cause in the North until Prince Rupert's impetuosity allowed them to be left to stand up to Cromwell's superbly trained horse at Marston Moor and to be cut down almost to a man. Pepys called the Duchess "a mad ridiculous conceited woman," though Charles Lamb, on the other hand, described her as "thrice noble, chaste and virtuous—but again somewhat fantastical and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle." Which was right? The censorious contemporary, or the nineteenth-century admirer? Douglas Grant's book does not provide us with an answer—but, then, perhaps there is none.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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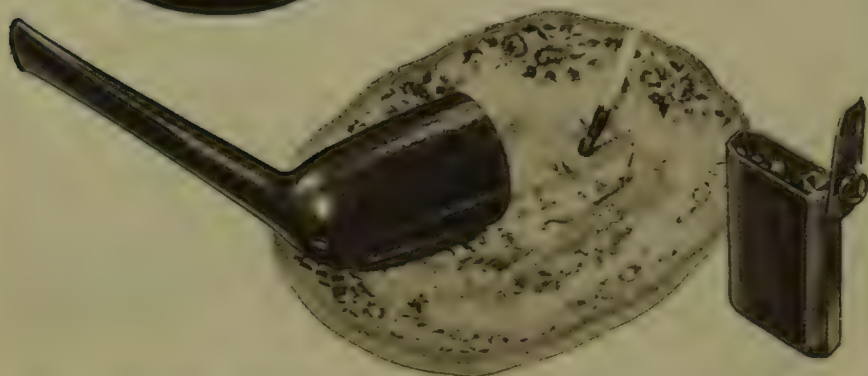
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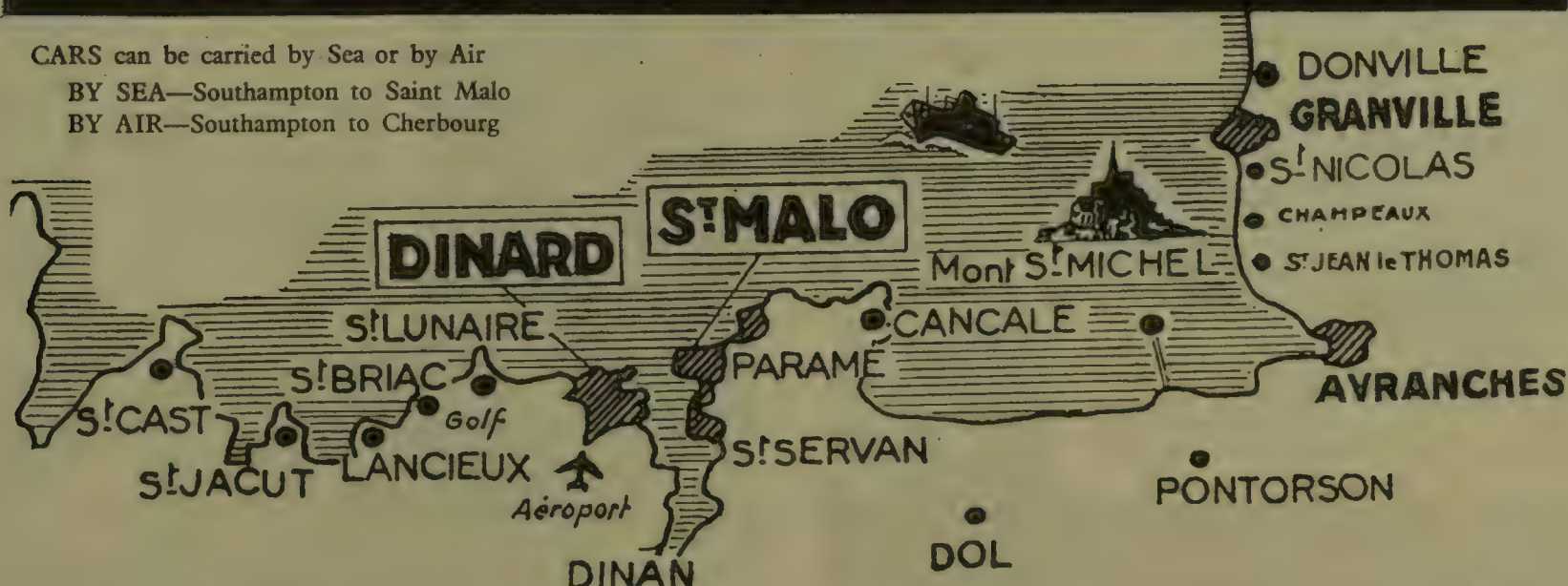
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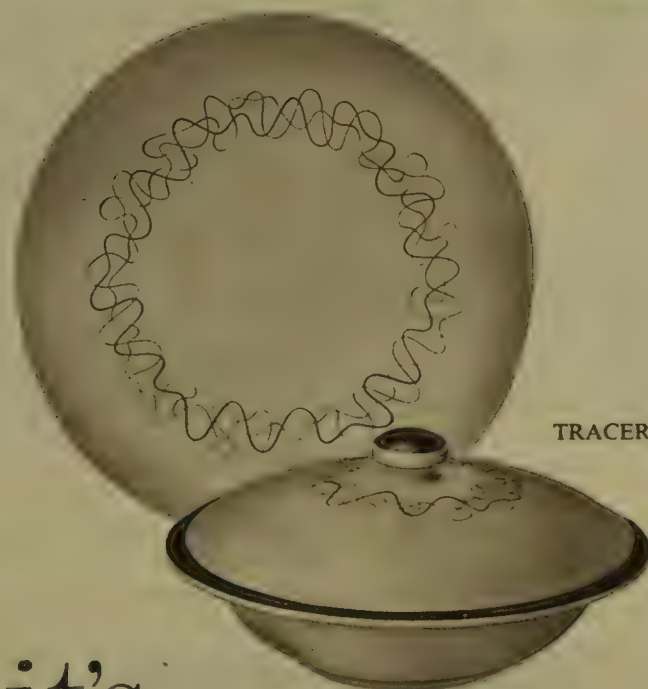
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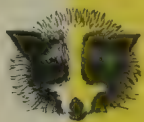
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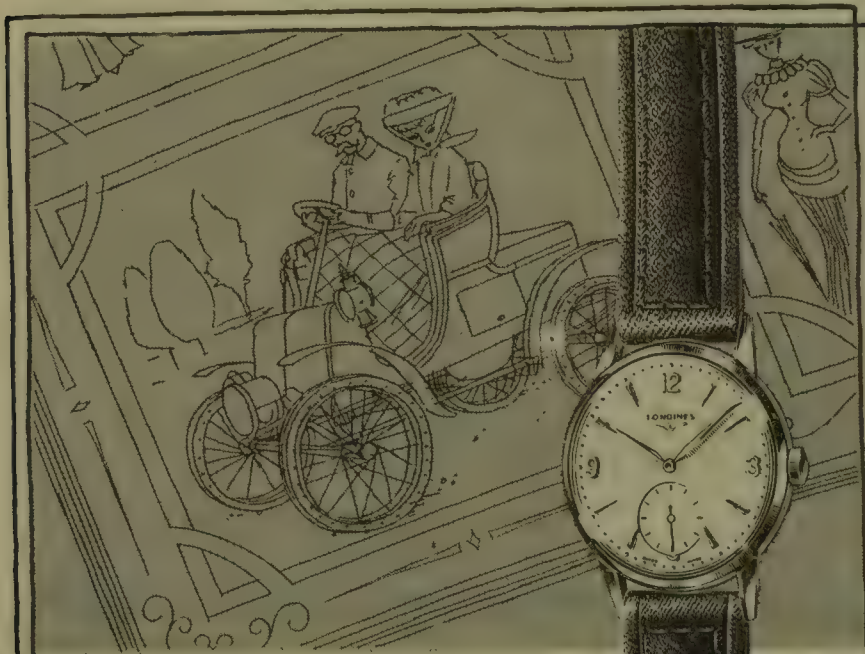
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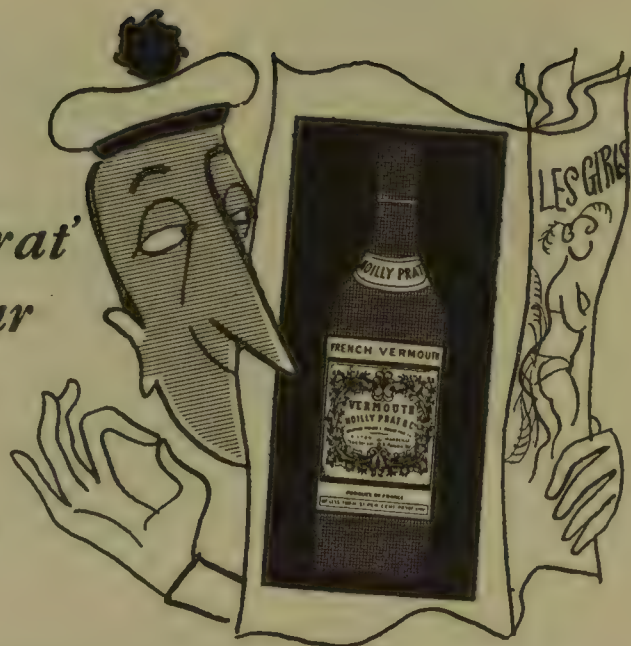
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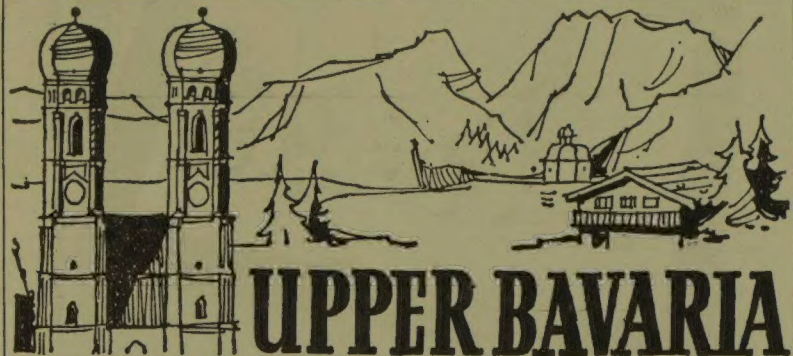
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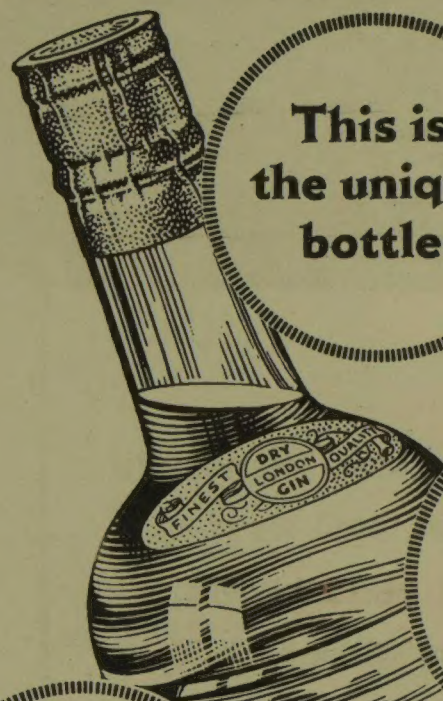
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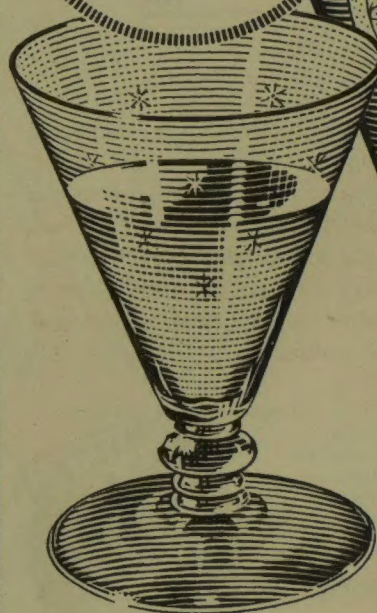
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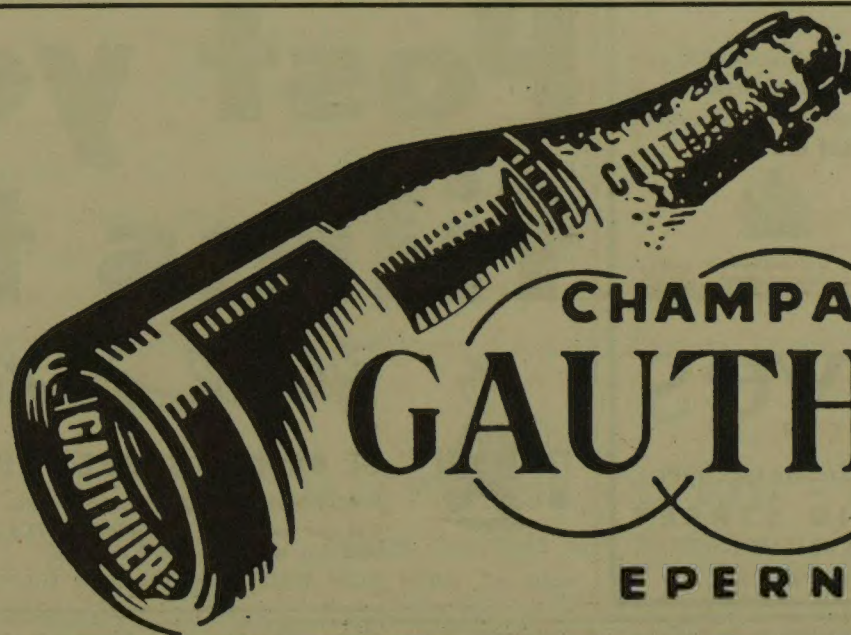
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